

X. 1606/542
A

COLLECTION

O F

P S A L M S

AND

H Y M N S,

Extracted, Revised, and Published,

By HENRY PECKWELL, D. D.

Sing ye Praises with Understanding, PSALM xlvii. 7.

And with Grace in your Hearts unto the LORD, COL. iii. 6.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Sold at the CHAPEL, in the New Way, Westminster;

by J. MATTHEWS, Strand; and

SIMMONS, Lincoln.

COLLECTION

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P R E
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M S
C E

H Y M N S

THE WOMAN OF A CHRISTIAN
BIRTH RIGHTS OF CONSCIENCE
Extracted, Revised, and Published

BY HENRY FICKWELL D.D.

weak and needy. *Praying as the
saints and angels do in heaven.*
And with Grace in your hearts and the Lord's will.

properly terminates in God. It flows
SECOND EDITION.

from a Love and Admiration of his ex-
cellencies and Attributes wherewith
ever, or on whomsoever displayed.

L O N D O N :

Sold at the Church, in the New Way, Westminster;

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P R E F A C E.

Now abideth Confession, Prayer, Praise,
these three; but the greatest of these is

~~Praise, for, which there shall be no more,
and the Believer shall neither have Sins~~

to confess, nor Wants to make known,
fresh and brighter Discoveries of intrinsic

Excellence, rendering Glorification and
ascending Grace will contain his Praise to

burst forth in

THE Worship of a Christian on
Earth consists of *Confession, Prayer,*
Thanksgiving, and Praise. *Confes-*
sion and Prayer belong to him as guilty,
weak, and needy, *Thanksgiving* as the
Object of sparing Mercy, providential
Goodness, and special Grace.—But *Praise*
properly terminates in God. It flows
from a Love and Admiration of his Ex-
cellencies and Attributes, wherever, when-
ever, or on whomsoever displayed.

Free Grace alone doth feed our Souls,

It keeps us poor;

Lord! Grant that nothing else but

May raise our ev'ry

Now

P R E F A C E.

Now abideth *Confession, Prayer, Praise*, these three ; but the greatest of these is *Praise* : for, when *Time shall be no more*, and the Believer shall neither have Sins to *confess*, nor Wants to *make known*, fresh and brighter Discoveries of intrinsic Excellence, redeeming *Glory*, and condescending Grace will contrain his *Praise* to burst forth in

Glory, Honour, Praise, and Power,
Beats the Air, and fills the Sky,
From Earth's remotest Shore,
Hallelujahs, Hallelujahs, Hallelujahs,
 Praise the Lord, weak, and needy, and the Object of sparing Mercy, providential Goodness, and special Grace.—But Praise properly terminates in God. It flows from a Love and Admiration of his Excellencies and Attributes; wherever, when-
 ever, or on whomsoever displayed.

Now

H Y M N I. C. M.
A
COLLECTION
OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS.

H Y M N I. C. M.

Free Grace.

GRACE, how exceeding sweet to those
Who feel their sinful State,
Sunk and distressed, in Grace they find
A Peace, divinely great.

'Tis Grace, free Grace, most sweetly calls,
Directly come, who will ;
Just as you are ; for CHRIST receives
Poor helpless Sinners still.—*Luke 15. 2.*

We thirst, O LORD ; give us, this Day,
To taste more of this Grace ;
More of that Stream which from the Rock
Flow'd thro' the Wilderness.—*1 Cor. 10. 4.*

Free Grace alone doth feed our Souls,
It keeps us inly poor ;
LORD ! Grant that nothing else but Grace
May rule for evermore !

HYMN II. C. M.

Abounding Grace.

O JESU, JESU, gracious LORD,
 How wond'rous is thy Love!
 Thy Patience, Pity, Tenderness,
 I ev'ry Moment prove.

Alas! how faithless is my Mind,
 How apt to turn aside,
 And wander in its own Deceit
 Of Reasonings and Prides.

Yet, dearest SAVIOUR, love me still,
 Tho' sinful, weak, and poor,
 For well I know where Sin abounds,
 Thy Grace aboundeth more.—*Rom. 5. 20.*

O let me not that Grace abuse,—*Rom. 6. 15.*
 And Sin because thou'rt good;
 Rather my Soul be fill'd with Shame,
 I e'er thy Love withstood.

HYMN III. C. M.

For the Sacrament.

LORD! hast thou given me, thus to Feast?
 Am I indeed my SAVIOUR's Guest?
 Is my poor fainting Soul allow'd,
 This Bread of Life, this heav'nly Food?

Where then is Guilt, and Grief, and Care,
 Where Horror, Anguish and Despair?
 I know them not; Oh happy Lots!
 They hang on my REDEEMER's Cross.

Oh glorious Mercy ! wond'rous Grace !
Ye wipe the Tears from off my Face ;
No more I feel the Sting of Sin ;
All now is Hope and Peace within.

Help then ye Bless'd, my feeble Voice ;
(Ye who in Penitence rejoice) *Luke 15. 10.*
Oh teach me quick your sacred Lays ;
Teach me, Oh ! teach me Songs of Praise.

H Y M N IV. 7s.

Fellowship with **CHRIST.** *1 John 1. 3*

HAPPY am I, when I feel,
Jesus near my worthless Heart ;
When he does himself reveal,
And his precious Love impart.

Blessed Fellowship I prove,
Peace and Love, and Comfort sweet ;
Then I weep, and sing, and love,
Then I worship at his Feet.

Then with happy *John* I view
All his Body mark'd with Scars ;
And with *Mary* can bedew
Both his Feet with melting Tears.

Feast me with thy dying Love,
Whilst I run the Christian Race ;
Then my Soul to Heav'n remove,
There again to sing thy Grace.

H Y M N V. L. M.

A precious CHRIST. 1 Pet 2. 7.

THIS is my Hope, O precious CHRIST,
When Earth's alluring Things appear,
I call, I sigh, for Thee I thirst,
I long to feel Thee only dear.

Sometimes my Sky from Storms is free,
And then my Cup with Joy flows o'er,
Without a Cloud my CHRIST I see,
And feel the SAVIOUR's strength'ning Pow'r.

O JESU, let it still be thus,
This Favour ever let me prove;
Fix me for ever at thy Cross,
And bind me there with Cords of Love.—
(Hos. 11. 4.)

H Y M N VI. C. M.

Casting Care upon the LORD.

JESUS, our blind and trembling Souls,
Let thy soft Voice persuade,
In all Distress to come to Thee,
We need not be afraid.

Is Sin our Grief? Whatever Sin,
No Difference it makes:
'Tis all forgiven thro' thy Blood
That flowed for our Sakes.

Is Unbelief the Sin we feel?—John 16. 9.
Above all Sin accurst:
Sure! when Thou suffer'dst for Sin,
Thou didst include the worst.

Are we o'erwhelm'd with Thought and Care?
 Hath Sorrow seiz'd our Breast?
 Tho' 'tis a Shame it should be so,
 Yet Thou wilt give us Rest.

H Y M N VII. C. M.

The Sinner's Rest.

THOU *Friend of Sinners!* hear my Cry,
 And grant me my Request;
 That in thy Death I now may find
 My everlasting Rest.

There is no Happiness or Peace,
 That can be found elsewhere;
 In it alone my Life I'll seek,
 In it thy Love declare.

May I no more resist thy Love,
 No more thy SPIRIT grieve; — *Eph. 4. 30.*
 But as a little Child become,
 And simply Thee believe.

Faith is thy Gift, most gracious Lord,
 Bestow it now on me;
 Then a poor Sinner's Right I'll claim,
 Wholly to trust in Thee.

To trust in Thee, who hast redeem'd
 My Soul from endless Pain,
 That I might know no other Theme,
 But that the LAMB was slain.

* *Eph. 2. 8.*

H Y M N VIII. C. M.

The Good Shepherd, John 10. 11.

THOU SAVIOUR my good Shepherd art,
 Thy Voice, dear LORD, I know;
 When Justice aim'd the Sword * at me,
 Thy Heart receiv'd the Blow.

When broken down with Shame and Grief,
 Thy Pity felt my Pain;
 Bound up my Wounds, my Strength renew'd,
 And gave me Health again.

Thou now dost lead and gently tend,
 My Soul in Pastures good:—*Ps* 23. 2.
 And bring me to the living Stream
 Of thy most precious Blood.

Thy Blood! O pleasing Sound to me,
 And all thy helpless Sheep;
 There lies our sure Defence by Day;
 Our Shelter when we sleep.

H Y M N IX. 8 8 6.

Pardoning Love.

ALmighty LORD most merciful,
 Our Thanks unfeign'd, our Praise receive,
 Thou who, when bath'd in Tears we lay,
 Didst hear our Cries, and quick relieve.
 Great God from all Eternity,
 May Praise and Pray'r ascend to thee.
 Plung'd deep in Woe, of Hope bereft,
 Destruction threaten'd us around,

* *Zeck.* 13. 7.

Remorse was ours, and black Despair,
And we no Ray of Comfort found.

Great God, &c.

For ever! O recorded be
The Moment when thy Grace bestow'd,
Thro' CHRIST, a Sense of pard'ning Love,
And led us to the heav'nly Road.

Great God, &c.

Now treading in its sacred Path,
With what thou hast assign'd Content,
May the Remainder of our Days
In serving thee be ever spent.

Great God from all Eternity,
May Praise and Pray'r ascend to thee.

H Y M N X. S. M.

The Church's Privilege.

HE's God, whose Smiles we court,
From whom we Favour claim;
Whose Love alone new Life imparts,
And gives the heav'nly Flame,
On Earth our suff'ring Lamb,
In Heav'n Exalted LORD;
Whose Grace and SPIRIT still remain
To bless us in his Word.

His Promise is the same
His Church below to bless,
When they assemble in his Name—*Mat. 18. 20.*
To supplicate his Grace:

A Train of Sinners poor
 He will not cast behind ;
 But keeps his Word for evermore,
 And bears them on his Mind.

To our Relief He flies,
 He flies from Realms above ;
 Answers our Prayers in sweet Replies,
 And Tokens of his Love,
 Shall we not Witness bear
 How faithful He hath been ;
 And boldly to the World declare,
 Salvation we have seen ! — *Luke 2. 30.*

Yes, if Thou'lt help us, LORD,
 Thy Name, we will confess ;
 And speak of Thee the living Word,
The Lord our Righteousness, — Jer. 23. 6.
 We'll mention to thy Praise
 The Triumphs of thy Death ;
 And sing thine everlasting Grace
 Ev'n with our latest Breath.

H Y M N XL. C. M.

The Sinner at Jesu's Feet.

MY dearest LORD, I here sink down,
 And bow before thy Throne ;
 Here is the Heart, most vile and base,
 Which thou hast made thine own.

Whither, Oh ! whither can I go,
 But only to thy Blood ?
 More healing far than *Siloam's Pool*,
 Or *Jordan's swelling Flood*.

I thank Thee for that Grace and Light

Which shew me what I am :

I thank Thee too for all I know

Of Thee thou blessed LAMB.

All the Knowledge, given below

Of Thee, is but in part ;

Oh ! daily teach me more and more,

'Till Thou dost fill my Heart !

H Y M N XII. C. M.

Pressing thro' the Croud.

THE Souls that would to Jesus press,

Must fix this firm and sure ;

That Tribulation more or less,

They must and shall endure.—*2 Tim. 3. 12.*

The World opposes from without,

And Unbelief within ;

We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,

And feel the Load of Sin.

Glad Frames too often lift us up.—*Psa. 30. 6.*

And then how proud we grow !

'Till sad Desertion makes us droop,

And down we sink as low.

Ten thousand Baits the Foe prepares

To catch the wand'ring Heart ;

And seldom do we see the Snares,

Before we feel the Smart.

On Jesus let us still rely ;

Pursue the narrow Path ;—*Mat. 7. 14.*

Look to the LORD with steadfast Eye ;

Fight the good Fight of Faith.

Tho' we are feeble, CHRIST is strong ;
 His Promises are true ;
 We shall be Conqu'rors all, e'er long,
 And more than Conqu'rors too.—*Rom. 8. 37.*

H Y M N XIII. C. M.

Welcome News.

MERCY is welcome News indeed,
 To those that guilty stand :
 Wretches, that feel what Help they need,
 Will bless the helping Hand.

Who rightly would his Alms dispose,
 Must give them to the Poor ;
 None but the wounded Patient knows
 The Comfort of a Cure.

We all have sinn'd against our God ;
 Exception none can boast :
 But he, who feels the heaviest Load,
 Will prize Forgiveness most.

No Reck'ning can we rightly keep,
 For who the Sums can know ?
 Some Souls are fifty Pieces deep ;—*Luke 7. 41.*
 And some five hundred owe.

But let our Debts be what they may,
 However great or small ;
 As soon as we have Nought to pay,
 Our LORD forgives us all.—*Luke 7. 42.*

Such is the Grace, abounding Grace,
 That sets our Souls at large ;
 When we can't call one Mite our own,
 It gives a full Discharge.

H Y M N XIV. 103.

The Sinner's Delight.

THE blessed JESUS is my LORD, my Love,
He is my Choice from Him I would not
(move.

Away then, all ye Objects that divert,
And seek to draw from my dear LORD my
(Heart)

That uncreated Beauty, which hath gain'd
My worthless Heart, has all your Glory stain'd.

Above's my Home, my Country is above,
That blessed Land of Life, of Light, and Love.

There lives my LORD, and there I long to live :
He gave these Longings, and Himself will give.

In the mean Time, LORD, shew Thyself to me,
'Till Thou shalt please to take me up to Thee.

So guide me here that we no more may part :
'Till Thou shalt take my Soul, LORD, keep
(my Heart.

And dwell in me, 'till I with Thee shall dwell :
This Earth with Thee is Heav'n, without
(Thee Hell.

H Y M N XV. 18s.

The single Eye.

O SAVIOUR, could I always keep,
My Eye on Thee, the living Way,
I then, though once a wand'ring Sheep,
Should no more from Thee run astray

But wheresoe'er Thou wentest, I
Should simply go, nor asking why.—*Luke 22.*

(33.)

O that I never could forget,
One Moment, what Thou, LORD, hast done
To save my Soul, and make me meet,
To sit with Saints upon a Throne:—*Rev. 3.*
O that thy Off'ring on the Tree (21.)
Might ever more be ey'd by me!

H Y M N XVI. C. M.

The Sinner's Shield.

HAPPY we are when Guilt is gone!

This alters all our Frame;

Sins and Temptations still come on,

But we are not the same.

What did afflict us much before,

And give us anxious Care,

The faithful Breast it hurts no more;

For now *the Lord is there.*—*Ezek. 48. 35.*

Are we thro' dang'rous Paths to rove,

The Shades of Death to pass?

Our Shield eternal is his Love,

Our Light his gracious Face.

H Y M N XVII. 7s.

Stability of the Covenant.

REJOICE, ye Saints, in ev'ry State,

Divine Decrees remain unmov'd:

No turns of Providence abate

God's Care for those he once hath lov'd.

Firmer than Heav'n his Cow'nant stands,—
 Tho' Earth should shake, and Skies depart,
 We're safe in our REDEEMER'S Hands,
 Who bears our Names upon his Heart.

Our Surety knows for whom he stood,
 And gave himself a Sacrifice;
 The Souls ~~are~~ sprinkled with his Blood,
 Possess a Life that *never* dies.

Tho' Darkness spread around our Tent,
 Tho' Fear prevail, and Joy decline,
 God will not of his Oath repent;
 Dear Lord, thy People still are thine.

HYMN XVIII. 886.

Self-resignation.

LORD make me faithful to my Call,
 In Heart still truly give up all,
 Myself to thee resign:

When Dangers threaten me around,
 Invincible may I be found,
 Never thy Will decline!

My Feet with holy Oil anoint;
 The destin'd Path, Thou dost appoint,

Gladly I then shall tread;
 Bedew me with a gracious Show'r,
 Into my Heart thine Influence pour,
 With living Manna feed.

A Single Eye, a faithful Heart,—*Mat. 6. 22.*
 My JESUS, to thy Child impart,
 In ev'ry trying Hour;

Reas'ning's tormenting Thoughts prevent,
Still keep mine Eyes on Thee intent,
'Till Sight my Faith o'erpow'r.

H Y M N XIX. C. M.

CHRIST the Rock.

NO more with trembling Heart I try
Good Anchorage to find;
Still wishing to find out safe Ground
To hold my wav'ring Mind.

My Anchor's cast upon the Rock,
Where I shall ever rest
From all the Labours of my Thoughts,
And Workings of my Breast.—*Heb. 6. 19.*

What is my Rock? 'Tis JESUS CHRIST,
Whom faithless Eyes pass o'er;
Yet there poor Sinners Anchor may,
And ne'er be shaken more.

H Y M N XX. C. M.

JESUS our Theme.

THOU Dear REDEEMER, Dying LAMB!
We love to hear of Thee:
No Music, like thy lovely Name,
Does sound so sweet to me!
O may we ever hear thy Voice
In Mercy to us speak!
And in our PRIEST will we rejoice,
Thou Great MELCHISEDEC!—*Heb. 7. 21.*
Hallelujah.

Our Jesus shall be still our Theme,
 While in this World we stay;
 We'll sing our Jesu's lovely Name,
 When all Things else decay:
 When we appear in yonder Cloud—*Coh. 3. 4.*
 With all his favour'd Throng,
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And Jesus be our Song. Hallelujah.

H Y M N XXI. 8s.

The Sinner's Hope.

SAY, where's thy Hope? thou Sinner, say,
 Look ev'ry where, and ask around;
 Who all the mighty Debt can pay,
 Can a fit Ransom e'er be found? *Job 33. 24.*
 Yes, LORD, before I drew my Breath,
 The LAMB for me had suffer'd Death!

Far, far away, must Satan fly,
 Nor think me Captive to detain:
 For Jesus, when He deign'd to die,
 My Bondage broke, and burst my Chain;
 And Conqueror in the dreadful Fight,
 My Soul from thence becomes his Right.

Take Thou Possession of my Heart,
 Jesu, and make me live to Thee;
 With Thee let nothing claim a Part,
 But Thou my All for ever be!
 And give me, with thy Saints above,
 All Joy in Thee, Thou God of Love!

H Y M N XXII. C. M.

The Heart resigned.

LORD take my Heart just as it is,
Set up therein thy Throne;
So shall I love Thee above all,
And live to Thee alone.

Complete thy Work, and crown thy Grace,
O may I faithfully prove
And listen to the SPIRIT'S Voice,
Which manifest thy Love!

Which teaches me what is thy Will,
And tells me what to do;
Which covers me with Shame, when I
Do not thy Will pursue.
This Unction may I ever feel.—*John 2. 20.*
This Teaching from my LORD,
And learn Obedience to thy Voice,
In thy reviving Word!

H Y M N XXIII. C. M.

The Sweetness of Divine Love.

O Dearest LORD, take Thou my Heart;
Where can such Sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy Love.—*Psa. 34. 8.*
As I have found in Thee?

If Zeal, with Knowledge in my Heart,
Thy loving Grace does give;
Safe in the Bush, unhurt, the Whole
Will unconsumed live.—*Exod. 3. 2.*

If Love, that mildest Flame, can rest
In Hearts so cold as mine;
Come, blessed SAVIOUR, to my Breast,
And warm my Love with Thine.

O 'tis in vain to seek for Bliss,
For Bliss can ne'er be found,
'Till we arrive where JESUS is,
And tread on Grace's Ground.

'Tis Heav'n on Earth to taste his Love,
To feel his quick'ning Grace:
And the blest Heav'n I hope above,
Is there to see his Face.

H Y M N XXIV. 7s.

Humility and Love.

LORD if with Thee part I bear,
If I thro' thy Word am clean, *- John 15:3.*
In thy Mercy if I share,
If thy Blood has purg'd my Sin;
To my needy Soul impart
Thy Good SPIRIT from above,
To enrich my barren Heart
With *Humility and Love!*

LORD, my Heart a Desert vast,
Thy manuring Hand requires;
Sin has laid my Vineyard waste,
Overgrown with Weeds and Bri'rs; *- Isa. 5. 6.*
Thou canst make this Desert bloom,
Breathe, O breathe, Celestial DOVE,
Till it blow with rich Perfume
Of *Humility and Love!*

Vanquish in me Self and Pride;
 All my Unbelief subdue;
 Smile upon my Soul, or chide;
 If no gent'ler Means will do.
 Ah! compassionate my Case;
 Let the Poor thy Pity move;
 Give me of thy boundless Grace,
 Give *Humility and Love!*

H Y M N XXV. 79.

REDEEMING LOVE.

NOW begin the heav'nly Theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesu's Name;
 Ye who Jesu's Kindness prove,
 Triumph in *Redeeming Love!*

Ye who see the FATHER'S Grace;
 Beaming in the SAVIOUR'S Face; — 2 Cor. 4. 6.
 As to Canaan on ye move,
 Praise and bless *Redeeming Love!*

Mourning Souls, dry up your Tears,
 Banish all your guilty Fears;
 See your Guilt and Curse remove,
 Cancell'd by *Redeeming Love!*

Ye alas! who long have been,
 Willing Slaves of Death and Sin;
 Now from Bliss no longer rove,
 Stop—and taste *Redeeming Love!*

Welcome all by Sin oppress'd,
 Welcome to your SAVIOUR'S Breast; — Mar. 11. 28.
 Nothing brought Him from above,
 Nothing but *Redeeming Love!*

HYMN XXVI. 8s.

Redemption found.

NOW I have found the blessed Ground
Where my Soul's Anchor may remain;
The LAMB of GOD who for my Sin
Was from the World's Foundation slain:
Whose Mercy shall unshaken stay
When Heav'n and Earth are fled away.

O Love, thou bottomless Abyss!—*Eph. 3. 18.*
My Sins are swallow'd up in Thee;
Cover'd is my Unrighteousness, (*8. 11.*
From Condemnation now I'm free;—*Rom.*
While JESU'S Blood, thro' Earth and Skies,
Mercy, free boundless Mercy! cries.

With Faith I plunge me in this Sea;
Here is my Hope, my Joy, my Rest!
Hither, when Hell assails, I flee,
And look unto my SAVIOUR'S Breast:
Away sad Doubt and anxious Fear,
Mercy is only written there!

Though Waves and Storms go o'er my Head,
Tho' Strength, and Health, and Friends be
gone;
Though Joys be wither'd all, and dead,
Though ev'ry Comfort be withdrawn;
Stedfast on this my Soul relies,
FATHER, thy Mercy never dies.

Fix'd on this Ground will I remain,
When Fleets shall fail, and Fleth decay;
This Ground shall then my Soul sustain,
Though Earth's Foundations melt away;

Mercy's full Power I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting Love!—*Jer. 31. 3.*

H Y M N XXVII. L. M.

The Way to Canaan, *II. 35.*

JESUS, my All to Heav'n is gone,
 He whom I fix my Hopes upon;
 His Track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow Way, till Him I view.
 The Way the holy Prophets went,
 The Road that leads from Banishment;
 The KING's Highway of Holiness—*Isa. 35. 8.*
 I'll go, for all his Paths are Peace.

No Stranger may proceed therein,
 No Lover of the World and Sin;
 No Lion, no devouring Care,
 No Sin, nor Sorrow shall be there.

No Creature may go up thereon,
 But trav'ling Souls, and I am one;
 Way-faring Men to Canaan bound,
 Shall only in the Way be found.

This is the Way I long had sought,
 And mourn'd because I found it not;
 My Grief a Burden long had been,
 Opprest with Unbelief and Sin.

The more I strove against their Pow'r,
 I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
 Till late I heard my SAVIOUR say,
 "Come hither, Soul, I am the Way."—*John 14. 6.*

Lo ! glad I come, and Thou, blest LAMB,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am ;
Nothing but Sin I Thee can give,
Nothing but Love shall I receive.

Then will I tell to Sinners round,
What a Dear SAVIOUR I have found ;
I'll point to thy Redeeming Blood,
And say, Behold the Way to GOD !

H Y M N XXVIII. L. M.

Canaan found.

O Tell me no more of this World's vain Store ;
The Time for such Trifles with me is now
A Canaan I've found, where true Joys abound ;
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy Ground.

The Souls that believe, in Paradise live,*
And me in that Number will Jesus receive.
My Soul don't delay, He calls thee away ;
Rise, follow thy SAVIOUR, and bless the glad Day.

No Mortal doth know what He can bestow,
What Light, Strength, and Comfort : Go after
(Him), GOD

And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry, *Lord*
My SAVIOUR hath lov'd me, I cannot say why.†

* Rom. 14. 17. † Deut. 7. 8.

HYMN XXIX. L. M.

Brotherly Love. Ps. 133.

HOW sweet a Thing it is to see
The chosen People of the LORD
Dwelling in Love and Unity,
Abiding stedfast in the Word !
All love to hear their Shepherd's Voice,
While He gives Pasture to his Sheep ;
With those that Joy they do rejoice,
And weep in Heart with those that weep.

(Rom. 12. 15.)

Their Burdens mutually they bear,
Alleviate each other's Grief ;
And when appriz'd of Dangers near,
Jointly they supplicate Relief.

HYMN XXIX. L. M.

Gratitude.

LORD : when my Thoughts, delighted,
Amid the Wonders of thy Love ; (rove
The Sight revives my drooping Heart,
And bids invading Fears depart.

Guilty and weak, to thee I fly,
On thy atoning Blood rely,
And on thy Righteousness depend ;
My LORD, my SAVIOUR, and my Friend.

Be all my Heart, be all my Days,
Singly devoted to thy Praise ;
And let my glad Obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

H Y M N XXX. 886.

The redeem'd Sinner ascribing Praise to
a Triune God.

I THANK Thee, HIGH and MIGHTY ONE,
That Thou didst give thy only SON
To travail in my Stead;
I thank Thee for that Love divine,
Thro' which Redemption's Grace was mine,
Before the World was made.

I thank Thee, JESUS, holy LAMB,
For all thy Sufferings and Pain,
Thy Sorrow, and thy Grief:
I thank Thee with unfeigned Praise,
For all those bounteous Acts of Grace,
Which grant my Soul relief.

I thank Thee, SPIRIT, for thy Care;
Thou found'st the roving Wanderer
Amidst the Ways of Sin;
Thou gently call'dst me to embrace
Pardoning Love and Gospel-Peace,
And Fix'd thy Rest within.

Continue still thy gracious Aid,
My Soul to living Waters lead, — *John 7. 38.*
My Thirst to satisfy:
Conduct me through this World of Sin,
Be with me on the Verge of Life,
And bless me when I die.

How I have the same shouted,
Slighted, disregarded Thee!

H Y M N XXXI. 628.
The Pilgrim leaning upon CHRIST.

JESUS, let me taste thy Grace,
And feel thy purest Love;
Guard me in this *Wilderness*,
And all my Foes remove;
Ev'ry Help, O Lord, bestow
And let me reach the *promis'd Land*;
While I sojourn here below,
Protect me with thy Hand.
Worldly Pleasures all are vain,
Yet I the Trifles lov'd;
Now I do their Charms disdain,
Their Emptiness I've prov'd;
Only in thy Grace I trust,
And feel the Pleasures of thy Love;
Only in thy Merits boast,
And in Thee *live and move*.

I was Satan's willing Slave, — 2 Tim. 2. 26.
Till CHRIST, my Heavenly KING,
Pleased was my Soul to save
From all the Guilt of Sin;
Me He rais'd from deep Despair,
And shew'd to me his smiling Face;
Heard my Sighs and mournful Pray'r,
And deck'd me with his Grace.

H Y M N XXXII. 827.
Musing on distinguishing, persevering
Love.

O MY LORD! I've often mused
On thy wond'rous Love to me;
How I have the same abused,
Slighted, disregarded Thee!

To thy Church and Thee a Stranger,
Pleas'd with what displeas'd Thee :
Lost, yet could perceive no Danger ;
Wounded, yet no Wound could see.

But unwearied Thou pursu'dst me,
Still thy Calls repeated came ;
Till on *Calvary's* Mount I view'd thee,
Bearing my Reproach and Blame :
Now o'erwhelm'd with Shame and Sorrow
Whilst I view each pierced Limb,
Tears bedew the Scourges Furrow
Mingling with the purple Stream.

I no more at *Mary* wonder
Dropping Tears upon the Grave ;
Earnest asking all around her,
Where is He who dy'd to save ?
Dying Love her Heart attracted ;
Soon she felt his rising Pow'r :
He, who *Mary* thus affected,
Bids his Mourners weep no more.

H Y M N XXXIII. L. M.

Waiting at Mercy's Door.

WHAT can a Sinner do like me,
When struck by an Almighty Pow'r,
And sunk in deepest Misery ?

Nothing but wait at Mercy's Door.

What Eye can see, what Heart can love,
What Hand relieve my Misery ?
None but the SAVIOUR's from above,
Who for my Sins did bleed and die.

Surely in Mercy He'll pass by,
And view a wretched Slave of Sin;
Pity will move Him to come nigh,
And wash a filthy Creature clean. — *Zech. 13. 1.*

In Mercy, LORD, thy Creature see,
My Guilt, my Shame, and Mis'ry hide;
O speak the Word, and I shall be
Cloath'd with thy Robe and justify'd.

Then shall my happy Soul enjoy
A lasting Peace, in Thee, my God;
Then my whole Business and Employ
Shall be to speak of Jesu's Blood.

H Y M N XXXIV. C. M.

The Sinner stopp'd by Grace.

O Dear REDEEMER, who alone
Canst give me Ease in Pain;
Whose Blood did once for Sin atone,
And Pardon for me gain.

I once was wholly dead in Sin, — *Eph. 2. 1.*
And ignorant of Thee;
And walk'd contentedly therein,
Nor knew thy Love to me.

But thine all-seeing Eye then view'd
And mark'd my ev'ry Way;
And still in tender Love pursu'd,
Nor let me further stray.

My faithless Heart, O SAVIOUR Dear
Correct with gentle Hand;
In ev'ry Danger be thou near,
Alone I cannot stand.

H Y M N XXXV. 6 8 8.

Immutability of God's Love.

O My distrustful Heart,
How small thy Faith appears !
But greater, LORD, thou art,
Than all my Doubts and Fears :
Did Jesus *once* upon me shine ?
Then Jesus is *for ever* mine.

Unchangeable his Will ;
Whatever be my Frame !
His loving Heart is still
Eternally the same.
My Soul thro' many Changes goes ;
His Love no Variation knows.

Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform,
The Work thou hast begun,
In me a sinful Worm :
'Midst all my Fear, and Sin, and Woe,
Thy Spirit will not let me go.

The Bowels of thy Grace,
At first, did freely move ;
I still shall see thy Face,
And feel that God is Love !
My Soul into thine Arms I cast ;
I know, I shall be saved at last.

H Y M N XXXV.

After Sermon.

JESUS ever will we sing
His sacred Name adore;
He our PROPHET, PRIEST, and KING
Shall be for evermore.
None among the Heav'nly Pow'rs,
None on Earth our Praise may claim;
None but JESUS call we ours,
None but the bleeding LAMB!

H Y M N XXXVI. L. M.

Walking with Faith and Patience.

HOW blest are they whose Feet have found
The Way unto IMMANUEL's Ground;
And steadfast walk the blissful Road
Far from the Paths by Sinners trod!

Their weary Spirits sweetly rest,
Contentedly on JESU's Breast;
They so much of his Mercy prove,
As wins their grateful Souls to love.

His SPIRIT shews their Sins forgiv'n,*
And seals them for the Heirs of Heav'n;
And gives them Patience here to wait,
'Till JESUS them to Bliss translate.

* Luke 1. 77.

He Arms them for the evil Day;
That they in Heart with Him may stay;
He girds them with his Mighty Pow'r,
And brings them through the trying Hour.

Then rest, my Soul, upon thy LORD,
Ev'n JESUS CHRIST, the *Living Word*;
And then thy Joy shall ne'er decay,
'Till it break out in endless Day.

H Y M N XXXVII. C. M.

Walking in Godly Fear.

GOD of all Grace and Majesty,
Supremely Great and Good;
If I have Favor found with Thee,
Thro' the atoning Blood,
The Guard of all thy Mercies give;
And to my Pardon join
A Fear, lest I should ever grieve
Thy SPIRIT most Divine.

Since Mercy is indeed with Thee,
May I obedient prove:
Nor e'er abuse my Liberty,
Or sin against thy Love:—*Rom. 6. 1.*
This choicest Fruit of Faith bestow,
On a poor Pilgrim here;
And let me pass my Days below,
In Humbleness and Fear!

Still may I walk as in thy Sight,
My strict Observer see;
And Thou, by reverent Love, unite
My childlike Heart to Thee.

• *John 1. 1.*

Still let me, till my Days are past,
 At JESU'S Feet abide ;
 So shall He lift me up at last,
 And seat me by his Side !

H Y M N XXXVIII. 7s.

Adoring CHRIST.

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
 JESUS CHRIST, our Joy and Peace :
 Let our Praise to Him be giv'n,
 High at God's Right-Hand in Heav'n !

Master, see, to Thee we bow,
 Thou art LORD, and only Thou :
 Thou the Virgin's blessed Seed,
 Glory of thy Church and HEAD.

Thee the Angels ceaseless sing,
 Thee we praise our PRIEST and KING :
 Worthy is thy Name of Praise,
 Full of Glory, full of Grace !

Thou hast the glad Tidings brought
 Of Salvation by Thee wrought ;
 Wrought for all thy Church, and we
 Worship in their Company.

We, thy little Flock, adore—*Luke 12. 32.*
 Thee, the LORD, for evermore :
 Ever with us shew thy Love,
 Till we join with those above !

HYMN XXXIX. C. M.

Sovereign Grace.

HOW sad our State by Nature is,
 Our Sin how deep it stains ?
 And Satan binds our captive Souls—*2Tim. 2.26.*
 Fast in his slavish Chains.

But there's a Voice of sov'reign Grace*
 Sounds from God's sacred Word ;
 Ho ! ye despairing Sinners, come,
 And trust upon the LORD.

O may we hear th' Almighty Call,
 And run to this Relief !
 We would believe thy Promise, LORD,
 O help our Unbelief!—*Mark 9. 24.*

To the blest Fountain of thy Blood,—*Zech. 13. 1.*
 Teach us, O LORD, to fly ;
 There may we wash our spotted Souls
 From Crimes of deepest Dye !

Stretch out thine Arm victorious KING
 Our reigning Sins subdue ;
 Drive the old Dragon from his Seat
 With his infernal Crew!—*Rev. 12. 9.*

Poor, guilty, weak and helpless Worms,
 Into thine Hands we fall ;
 Be Thou our Strength and Righteousness,
 Our JESUS and our All!—*Isa. 45. 24.*

* *Isa. 55. 1.*

H Y M N XL. 8 7 4.

The Second Advent,

L O ! He comes with Clouds descending,*
Once for favor'd Sinners slain !
Thousand thousand Saints attending,
Swell the Triumph of his Train.

Hallelujah !

Hallelujah ! Amen.

Ev'ry Eye shall now behold Him,
Rob'd in awful Majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the Tree,

Deeply wailing,

Shall the true MESSIAH see.

Ev'ry Island, Sea, and Mountain. — Rev. 6. 14.

Heav'n and Earth shall flee away ;

All who hate Him must, confounded,

Hear the Trump proclaim the Day,

Come to Judgment !

Come to Judgment ! come away !

Now Redemption, long expected,

See ! in solemn Pomp appear

All his Saints by Man rejected,

Now shall meet Him in the Air ! †

Hallelujah !

See the Day of God appear !

* Rev. 1. 7. † 1 Thes. 4. 17.

Answer thine own *Bride* and *SPIRIT*,*
 Hasten, *LORD*, the general Doom !
 The new Heav'n and Earth t'inherit,
 Take thy pining Exiles home;
 All Creation
 Travails, groans, and bids Thee come !

Yea ! Amen ! let all adore Thee,
 High on thine eternal Throne !
SAVIOUR, take the Pow'r and Glory ;
 Claim the Kingdom for thine own !
 O come quickly !
 Hallelujah ! Come, *LORD*, come !

H Y M N XLI. 8 7 8.

Redemption drawing nigh.

HE comes ! He comes ! from yonder Sky
 The seventh Trumpet speaks Him nigh,
 His Lightnings flash, his Thunders roll,
 He's welcome to the faithful Soul,
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
 Welcome to the faithful Soul.

From Heav'n Angelic Voices sound †
 See the Almighty Jesus crown'd !
 Girt with Omnipotence and Grace,
 And Glory decks the *SAVIOUR*'s Face !

Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory,
 Glory decks the *SAVIOUR*'s Face.

Descending on his Azure Throne,
 He claims the Kingdoms for his own.

* *Rev.* 22. 17. † *Rev.* 22. 20.

The Kingdoms all obey his Word,
And hail Him their Triumphant Lord!
Hail Him, hail Him, hail Him, hail Him,
Hail Him, their triumphant Lord!

Shout all the People of the Sky,
And all the Saints of the most High :
Our God, who now his Right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns :

Ever, ever, ever, ever,

Ever, and for ever reigns

The FATHER praise, the SON adore,
The SPIRIT bless for evermore :
Salvation's glorious Work is done,
We welcome Thee, GREAT THREE in ONE!

Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,

Welcome Thee, GREAT THREE in One.*

H Y M N XLII. 886.

The Redeemer's Glory.

SINNERS redeem'd, up to the Skies,
Let daily Praise like Incense, rise,
To join with theirs above.

Worthy is He, that once was slain,

A Race of Rebels to regain—*Isa. 1. 2.*

To have our choicest Love.

Into this Ark with great Amaze,

The winged Seraphs, wond'ring gaze,

Redeeming Love to trace :—*1 Pet. 1. 12.*

Should Mortals, who in Part have found
Redemption through the Saviour's Wounds,

Refuse to shout free Grace?

Cry then to our Redeemer Dear,
He loves his People's Voice to hear,
They are his Joy and Crown;
E'er long we Him in Clouds shall see,
Cloathed in Pomp and Majesty,
His ransom'd Flock to own.

Show's down thy Grace, O Jesu, now;
Through ev'ry Vessel let it flow,
Each sick'ning Plant to cheer:
Rooted in Thee, O may we stand,
Unshaken, waiting thy Command,
And love thy Voice to hear!

Burst ev'ry Bond our Souls detain,
Assert the Glories of thy Reign,
And set the Prisoners free:
Now, LORD, relieve each burden'd Mind,
And give us all with Joy to find
Eternal Life in Thee.

H Y M N XLIII.

Faith triumphing in Affliction.

H E A D of the Church triumphant!
We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear thy Members here
Shall sing like those in Glory:
We lift our Hearts and Voices
With most Anticipation,
And cry aloud and give to God
The Praise of our Salvation.

While in Affliction's Furnace,—*Isa. 43. 2.*
 And passing thro' the Fire,
 Thy Love we praise, which tries our
 And ever brings us nigher. (Ways,
 We clap our Hands, exulting
 In thine Almighty Favor;
 The Love Divine which made us thine,
 Shall keep us thine for ever.—*Rom. 8. 38.*
 Thou dost conduct thy People
 Through Torrents of Temptation,
 Nor will we fear whilst thou art near,
 The Fire of Tribulation.
 The World, with Sin and Satan,
 In vain our March opposes;
 By Thee we shall break thro' them all,
 And sing the Song of Moses.—*Rev. 15. 3.*
 By Faith we see the Glory,
 To which Thou shalt restore us;
 The World despise for that high Prize.
 Which Thou hast set before us.
 And if Thou count us worthy,
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see Thee stand at God's Right Hand,
 To take us up to Heaven.—*Acts 7. 55.*

H Y M N XLIV. L. M.

Prayer answered by Crosses.

I Ask'd the Lord that I might grow,
 In Faith, and Love, and ev'ry Grace;
 Might more of his Salvation know,
 And seek, more earnestly, his Face.

'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd Pray'r;
But it has been in such a Way,
As almost drove me to Despair.

I hop'd that in some favour'd Hour,
At once he'd answer my Request;
And by his Love's constraining Pow'r,
Subdue my Sins and give me Rest.

Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden Evils of my Heart;
And let the angry Powers of Hell
Assault my Soul in ev'ry Part.

Yea more, with his own Hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my Woe;
Cross'd all the fair Designs I schem'd,
Blasted my Gourd, and laid me low.

LORD, why is this I trembling cry'd,
Wilt thou pursue thy Worm to Death?
" 'Tis in this Way," the Lord reply'd,
I answer Pray'r for Grace and Faith.

These inward Trials I employ,
From Self and Pride to set thee free;
And break thy Schemes of earthly Joy,
That thou may'st find thy all in me.

H Y M N XLV. L. M.

One Thing needful.

THE one Thing needful, that good Part,
Which *Mary* chose with all her Heart,
I would pursue with anxious Mind,
And seek unwearied till I find.—*Luke 10. 42.*

My Mind enlighten with thy Light,
That I may understand aright
The glorious Gospel Mystery,
Which shews the Way to Heav'n and Thee.*

Hidden in CHRIST the Treasure lies,
That goodly Pearl of such great Price: †
No other Way but CHRIST there is
To endless Happiness and Bliss.

O JESU CHRIST, my Lord and God,
Who hast redeem'd me by thy Blood;
Unite my Heart so fast to Thee,
That we may never parted be!

Give me a new and contrite Heart:
The Faith which works by Love impart: §
Wash me from all the Stains of Sin,
And give abiding Peace within!

H Y M N XLVI. 8. 7.

Refuge in Christ.

O THOU Gracious, loving Jesus,
Now thy saving Grace impart;
From the World and Satan save us,
Save us from our evil Heart!

* *John 14. 6.* † *Mat. 13. 46.* § *Gal. 5. 6.*

Throw thine Arms, in Mercy, open,
 Bid, O bid us, JESU, come ;
 Let our flinty Hearts be broken, — Ex. 36. 26.
 Falling on the Corner-Stone !

Here for ever let us center,
 Steady, though assail'd by Sin ;
 Forward may we boldly venture,
 Till eternal Life we win ;
 Banish ev'ry reas'ning Scruple,
 Scatter ev'ry gath'ring Cloud ;
 Our poor Hearts, O JESU, sprinkle
 With thy precious, precious Blood.*

When our cheating Feelings sicken,
 And a Veil our Souls o'erspread ;
 Then with Grace our Spirits quicken
 To raise up our drooping Heads :
 Would our foolish Hearts e'er wander
 From the Source of real Joy ?
 Call us back, but not in Anger,
 Lest thy Frowns should us destroy !

Arm us from thy heav'nly Storehouse,
 Still display thy Banner high !
 March victorious on before us,
 Make the World and Satan fly :
 When the Angel drawing near us
 Seals in Peace the Pilgrim's Eyes ;
 In that trying Moment bear us
 Safe into thy Paradise ! — Luke 23. 43.

H Y M N XLVII. 7s.

The Sinner's Refuge.

JESU, Lover of my Soul,
 Let me to thy Bosom fly,
 While the Billows near me roll,
 While the Tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my SAVIOUR, hide,
 Till the Storm of Life is past;
 Safe into the Haven guide,
 O receive my Soul at last!
 Other Refuge have I none,—*Psa.* 46. 1.
 Hangs my helpless Soul on Thee;
 Leave, Oh! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my Trust on Thee is stay'd,
 All mine Help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless Head
 With the Shadow of thy Wing!—*Matt.* 4. 2.
 Thou, O CHRIST, art all I want,
 Boundless Love in Thee I find:
 Raise the Fallen, cheer the Faint,
 Heal the Sick, and lead the Blind.
 Just and holy is thy Name,
 I am all Unrighteousness!
 Vile and full of Sin I am,
 Thou art full of Truth and Grace.
 Plenteous Grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my Sin;
 Let the Healing Streams abound,
 Make and keep me whole within;—*Hos.* 6. 1.
 Thou of Life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring thou up within my Heart,—*Pf.* 36. 9.
 Rise to all Eternity.—*John* 7. 38.

H Y M N XLVIII. 68.

Offices of CHRIST.

JOIN all the glorious Names
Of Wisdom, Love, and Pow'r,
That Mortals ever knew,
That Angels ever bore :
All is too mean to speak his Worthy
Too mean to set our SAVIOUR forth.
What kind endearing Words,
What condescending Ways,
Doth our REDEEMER use,
To teach his heav'nly Grace !
My Soul, with Joy and Wonder see
What Forms of Love He bears for Thee !
Great PROPHET of our God — *Mt. 3. 22, 23;*
Our Tongues would bless thy Name !
By Thee the joyful News
Of our Salvation came ;
The joyful News of Sins forgiv'n, — *Luke 1. 77.*
Of Hell subdu'd and Peace with Heav'n.

JESUS, our great HIGH PRIEST, — *Heb. 3. 1.*
Offer'd his Blood and dy'd;
Thou guilty Sinner, seek
No Sacrifice beside :
His pow'ful Blood did once atone, (24.
And now it pleads before the Throne, — *Heb. 12.*

My Dear Almighty Lord !
My Conqueror and my KING !
Thy matchless Pow'r and Love,
Thy saving Grace, we sing :

Thine is the Pow'r; O may we sit,
In willing Bonds beneath thy Feet! — *Psal. 110. 3.*

H Y M N XLIX. C. M.

The Stony Heart removed.

IS there a Thing that moves and breaks
A Heart as hard as Stone,
Or warms a Heart as cold as Ice?
'Tis JESU'S Blood alone. (22.
When sprinkled, this can truly cheer — *Heb. 10.*
And heal the wounded Soul;
What Multitude of broken Hearts
This living Stream makes whole! §

Hark, O my Soul! what sing the Choirs
Around the glorious Throne? (12.
Hark! the slain LAMB for evermore — *Rev. 5.*
Sounds in the sweetest Tone!
The Elders there cast down their Crowns,
And all both Night and Day.
Sing Praise to Him, who shed his Blood,
And wash'd their Guilt away.

And this, while here, will we proclaim,
Chearful in our Degree;
That, thro' the Blood of GOD'S Dear LAMB,
Each Soul may happy be.
To us, O LORD! make ev'ry Day,
Thy Grace and Love more sweet;
Till we behold thee as thou art — *1 John 3. 2.*
And worship at thy Feet.

H Y M N L. 7s.

The self-convicted Pleader.

JESU, JESU, King of Saints,
Known to Thee are all my Wants;
Self-convicted, Self-abhor'd,
I approach Thee Dearest LORD.

Known to Thee whose Eyes are Flame,
I thy Love and Pity claim;
Oh! I'm vile, thy Blood I need,
Vile in Thought, and vile in Deed.

Break, O break this Heart of Stone,
Form it for thy Use alone;
Guard my Weakness, by thy Grace,
Grant my Soul a Constant Peace.

H Y M N L.*

Grace and Mercy.—Tit. 3. 3—9.

LORD we confess our num'rous Faults;
How great our Guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our Thoughts,
And all our lives were Sin.

But, O my Soul! for ever praise,
For ever love his Name;
Who turns thy Feet from dang'rous Ways
Of Folly, Sin and Shame.

'Tis not by Works of Righteousness,
Which we ourselves have done:
But we are sav'd by sov'reign Grace,
Abounding thro' his Son.

'Tis from the Mercy of our God,
That all our Hopes begin :
His Mercy sav'd our Souls from Death,
And wash'd us from our Sin.

His Spirit, thro' the SAVIOUR shed,
His sacred Fire imparts :
Refines our Dross, and Love divine
Does kindle in our Hearts.

Thus, rais'd from Death, we live a-new,
And justify'd by Grace,
We shall appear in Glory too,
And see our Father's Face.

H Y M N. LI. 8 7.

EBENEZER.

COME, thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing !
Tune mine Heart to sing thy Grace !
Streams of Mercy never ceasing,
Call for Songs of loudest Praise.
Teach me some melodious Sonnet,
Sung by flaming Tongues above ;—*Matt. 1. 7.*
Praise the Mount—Oh fix us on it,*
Mount of God's *unchanging* Love ! †

Here I raise my *Ebenezer* ;—*1 Sam. 7. 12.*
Hither by thine Help I'm come ;
And I hope, by thy good Pleasure,
Safely to arrive at Home.

* *Heb. 12. 1.* † *Mat. 5. 4.*

JESUS fought me when a Stranger,
Wand'ring from the Fold of God;
He, to rescue me from Danger,
Interpos'd his precious Blood.

O ! to Grace how great a Debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let that Grace now, like a Fetter,
Bind my wand'ring Heart to Thee !
Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love.
Here's mine Heart, O take and seal it !
Seal it from thy Courts above !

H Y M N LII. C. M.

The Excellency of heavenly Love.

HAPPY the Heart, where Graces reign,
Where Love inspires the Breast !
Love is the brightest of the Train,
And perfects all the Rest.

Knowledge, alas 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our Fear :
Our stubborn Sins will fight and reign,
If Love be absent there.

'Tis Love that makes our cheerful Feet
In swift Obedience move ;
The Devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

This is the Grace that lives and sings,
 When Faith and Hope shall cease ;
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful Strings
 In the sweet Realms of Bliss.

When join'd to that harmonious Throng
 That fills the Choirs above,
 There shall we tune our golden Harps,
 And ev'ry Note be Love.

H Y M N LIII. L. M.

CHRIST our ALL.

BURY'D in Shadows of the Night
 We lie, 'till CHRIST restore the Light;
 Wisdom descends to heal the Blind,
 And chase the Darkness of the Mind.

Lost guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears,†
 'Till the atoning Blood appears ;
 Then they awake from deep Distress,§
 And sing the Lord our Righteousness.

JESUS beholds where Satan reigns,
 Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains ;
 He sets the Prisoners free and breaks
 The Iron Bondage from our Necks. ||

Poor helpless Worms in Thee possess
 Grace, Wisdom, Pow'r, and Righteousness :
 Thou art our Mighty ALL ; may we
 Give our whole selves, O LORD, to Thee !

* Rev. 14, 2. † Luke 7. 38. § Psa. 40. 12.
 || Luke 4. 18.

HYMN LIV. 776.

Praise the LORD, Ps 150.

PRAISE the LORD, who reigns above,
 And keeps his Courts below;
 Praise the Holy God of Love;
 And all his Greatness shew.
 Praise Him for his noble Deeds;
 Praise Him for his matchless Pow'r:
 Him from whom all Good proceeds,
 Let Earth and Heav'n adore;

Publish, spread to all around
 The great IMMANUEL'S Name;
 Let the Trumpet's martial Sound,
 Him LORD of Hosts proclaim:
 Praise Him, ev'ry tuneful String,
 All the Reach of heav'nly Art:
 All the Pow'rs of Music bring,
 The Music of the Heart.

Him in whom they move and live,
 Let ev'ry Creature sing:
 Glory to their MAKER give,
 And Homage to their KING.
 Hallow'd be his Name beneath,
 As in Heav'n on Earth ador'd:
 Praise the LORD in ev'ry Breath;
 Let all Things praise the LORD!

* Zech. 3. 7. *

H Y M N LV. 68.

Jesu's Praise.

LET Earth and Heav'n agree,
 Angels and Men be join'd,
 To celebrate with me,
 The SAVIOUR of Mankind !
 T'adore the Great atoning LAMB,
 And bless the Sound of JESU's Name,

JESUS ! transporting Sound !
 The Joy of Earth and Heav'n ;
 No other Help is found,
 No other Name is giv'n.—*Act* 4. 12.
 By which we can Salvation have.
 But JESUS came our Souls to save.

JESUS ! harmonious Name !
 It charms the Hosts above ;
 They evermore proclaim,
 And wonder at his Love :
 'Tis all their Happiness to gaze,*
 'Tis Heav'n to see our JESU's Face.

His Name the Singer hears,—*Ex.* 34. 6.
 And is from Guilt set free :
 'Tis Music in his Ears,
 'Tis Life and Victory,
 New Songs do now his Lips employ,
 And dances his glad Heart for Joy.

H Y M N LVI. C. M.

Seeking a devoted Heart.

O Dearest LORD, give me a Heart
 Inflam'd with Love to Thee;
 That thro' thy tedious Toil and Smart
 My Soul may happy be.

I want, O LORD, from Sin to flee,
 And in thine Arms to rest:—*Mat.* 11. 28.
 Bid me *by Faith* come near to Thee,
 And lean upon thy Breast.—*John* 13. 25.

Still let a Sense of what Thou'st done
 In my hard Heart be felt,
 That by this Love which Thou hast shewn
 My inmost Soul may melt.—*Ex.* 36. 26.

Oh! may I never, never faint,
 But soar on Wings of Love,
 Till in thy Glory, as a Saint,
 I sing with Saints above.

LORD, I would now my All give up,
 To Thee, whom I adore;
 And humbly falling at thy Feet,
 Proclaim thy Love and Pow'r.

H Y M N LVII. C. M.

JESUS full of Grace and Truth.

THE LORD first empties whom He fills,
 Casts down whom He would raise;
 And quickens whom the Letter kills,*
 Exalting thus his Praise.

* *Deut.* 32. 39.

IMMANUEL for Sinners slain
Includes such Stores of Grace,
As narrow Hearts can ne'er contain,
Nor Angel's Tongues express.

He's full of Grace and Truth indeed,
Of Love, of Life, and Light :

To all that his Redeemed need

He gives their Souls a Right.

A Right to claim their full Release,

For He their Debt has paid ;

A Right to Comfort, Joy, and Peace,

His Promise bids them plead.

H Y M N LVIII. C. M.

ALPHA and OMEGA.

HAIL, ALPHA and OMEGA, hail,
AUTHOR of all our Faith ;

The FINISHER of all our Hopes

The Truth, the Life, the Path !

Hail FIRST and LAST, the *Morning-Star*,

In whom we live and move :

Increase our little Spark of Faith,

And purify our Love !

Let that Belief which Jesus taught

Be treasur'd in our Breast ;

The Evidence of unseen Joys,

The Substance of our Rest !

Lord ! may we go from Strength to Strength,
From Grace to greater Grace ;
From one Degree of Faith to more,
Till we behold thy Face !

H Y M N LIX. S. M.

Unmeasurable Love.

TH' Extent of Jesu's Love,*
What Heart can comprehend ?
A Breadth whose Distance none can prove,
A Length without an End :
The first-born Seraphs try
Thy Myst'ry to explore ;
Yet cannot trace it out ; for why ?
The Curse they never bore.
The Grace unsearchable,
Transcending human Thought,
Who, who in Earth or Heav'n can tell,
Or find the Wonder out ?
All the Angelic Choir
Unite to give Him Praise :
And Saints *Redeeming Love* admire,
And loud Hosannas raise.
To CHRIST we lift our Voice,
Who have Redemption found :
And in his Name alone rejoice,
Whence all our Joys abound,
This cures the burden'd Mind,
This calms the troubled Heart :
This manifests the SAVIOUR kind,
And bids our Fears depart.

* Eph. 3. 19.

H Y M N LX. C. M.

God glorified and Sinners saved.

FATHER, how wide thy Glory shines !
How high thy Wonders rise !
Known thro' the Earth, by thousand Signs,
By thousand thro' the Skies.

Those mighty Orbs proclaim thy Power,
Those Motions speak thy Skill ;
And on the Wings of ev'ry Hour,
We read thy Patience still.

But when we view thy great Design,
To save rebellious Worms ;
Where Vengeance and Compassion join,
In their divinest Forms :

Here the Whole DEITY is known ;
Nor dares a Creature guess
Which of the Glories brightest shone,
The Justice, or the Grace.

Now the full Glories of the LAMB,
Adorn the Heav'nly Plains :
Bright *Seraphs* learn IMMANUEL's Name,
And try their choicest Strains.

O may I bear some humble Part,
In that immortal Song !
Wonder and Joy shall tune my Heart,
And Love command my Tongue.

H Y M N LXI. 104th.

Thanksgiving. Pf. 89. 14.—17.

O WHAT shall I do, my SAVIOUR to praise;
 So faithful and true, so plenteous in Grace;
 So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,
 The *weakest Believer* that hangs upon Him !

How happy the Man whose Heart is set free ;
 The People who can be joyful in Thee ;
 Their joy is to walk in the Light of thy Face ;
 And still they are talking of Jesus's Grace.

Their daily Delight shall be in thy Name,
 They shall, as their Right, thy *Righteousness* claim,
 Thy *Righteousness* wearing, and cleans'd by thy
 (Blood,
 Bold shall they appear in the Presence of GOD.

For Thou art their Boast, their Glory and Pow'r,
 And I also trust to see the glad Hour,
 My Soul's *new Creation*, a Life from the Dead,
 The Day of Salvation that lifts up my Head.

Yes, LORD, I shall see the Bliss of thine own,
 Thy *Secret* to me shall soon be made known ;
 For Sorrow and Sadness I joy shall receive,
 And share in the Gladness of all that *believe*.

H Y M N LXII. S. M.

Song of Moses and the LAMB.

A WAKE, and sing the Song
 Of *Moses* and the LAMB ;
 Wake ev'ry Heart, and ev'ry Tongue,
 To praise the SAVIOUR's Name.

Sing of his dying Love,
 Sing of his rising Pow'r;
 Sing how He intercedes above
 For those whose Sins He bore.

Sing, till ye feel your Hearts
 Ascending with your Tongues:
 Sing, till the Love of Sin departs,
 And Grace inspires your Songs.

Sing on your heav'nly Way,
 Ye ransom'd Sinners sing:
 Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry Day,
 In CHRIST th' Eternal KING.

Soon shall ye hear Him say—*Mat. 25. 34.*

Ye blessed Children come,

Soon will He call you hence away,
 And take his Wand'ers home.

H Y M N LXIII. 8 8 6.

The Brazen Serpent.

WITH fiery Serpents greatly pain'd,
 When *Israel's* mourning Tribes com-
 And sigh'd to be reliev'd; (plain'd,
 A Serpent straight the Prophet made,
 Of molten Brals to View display'd:
 The Patients look'd and liv'd.

But Oh! what healing to the Heart,
 Doth JESU's greater Cross impart,
 To those who seek a Cure!
Israel of old, and we no less,
 The same indulgent Grace confess,
 Whilst Life and Breath endure.

To Reason's View, so strange Effect
 Self-righteous Souls will still reject,
 And perish in their Pride !
 Not to the Strong with Sin and Law,
 These all their rich Salvation draw,
 From JESU's bleeding Side !

May we then view the matchless Cross
 And other Objects count but Loss,
 No other Gain explore !
 Here still be fix'd our feasted Eyes,
 Teeming with Tears of glad Surprise,
 And thankfully adore !

Hail, Great IMMANUEL, balmy Name !
 Thy Praise the ransom'd will proclaim,
 Thee we *Physician* call ;
 We own no other Cure but Thine,
 Thou the *Deliverer* Divine,
 Our *Health*, our *Life*, our *All*.

H Y M N LXIV. 8. 7.

The Pilgrim.

GUIDE me O Thou Great JEHOVAH,
 Pilgrim thro' this barren Land ;*
 I am weak, but Thou art MIGHTY,
 Hold me with thy POWERFUL HAND :
 Bread of Heaven ! Bread of Heaven ! †
 Feed me 'till I want no more,

Open now the chrystal Fountain—*Zech.* 13. 1.
 Whence the healing Streams do flow ;

* *Heb.* 11. 13. † *John* 6. 32.

Let the fiery cloudy Pillar—*Exod. 13. 21.*
 Lead me all my Journey through;
 Strong *Deliv'rer*! Strong *Deliv'rer*!
 Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the Verge of *Jordan*,—*Jer. 12. 5.*
 Bid my anxious Fears subside;
 Death of Deaths, and Hell's Destruction,*
 Land me safe on CANAAN'S Side,
 Songs of Praises, Songs of Praises,
 I will ever give to Thee.

Musing on my Habitation,
 Musing on my heavenly Home, *Heb. 11. 16.*
 Fills my Soul with Holy Longing,
 Come, my Jesus, quickly come.†
 Vanity is all I see,
 LORD, I long to be with Thee!‡

H Y M N LXV. 89.

The Good Shepherd.

THE LORD my Pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a Shepherd's Care;
 His Presence shall my Wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful Eye;
 My Noon-day Walks He shall attend,
 And all my Midnight Hours defend.

When in the sultry Glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty Mountain pant,
 To fertile Vales and dewy Meads
 My weary wand'ring Steps He leads;
 Where peaceful Rivers, lost and flow,
 Amid the verdant Landkip flow.

* *Cor. 15. 54.* † *Rev. 12. 20.* ‡ *Phil. 1. 23.*

Though in the Path of Death I tread,
With gloomy Horrors overspread,
My stedfast Heart shall fear no Ill,
For Thou, O LORD, art with me still;
Thy friendly Crook shall give me Aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful Shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged Way,
Thro' devious lonely Wilds I stray,
Thy Bounty shall my Pains beguile,
The barren Wilderness shall smile,
With sudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,
And Streams shall murmur all around.

H Y M N XLVI. C. M.

Amazing Love.

PLUNG'D in a Gulph of dark Despair,
We wretched Sinners lay,
Without one chearful Beam of Hope,
Or Spark of glimm'ring Day.

With pitying Eyes, the PRINCE of Grace,
Beheld our helpless Grief;
He saw, and (O amazing Love !)
He came to our Relief.

Down from the shining Seats above,
With joyful Haste He fled;
Enter'd the Grave in mortal Flesh,
And dwelt among the Dead.

Oh ! for this Love let Rocks and Hills
Their lasting Silence break :
And all harmonious human Tongues,
The SAVIOUR's Praises speak !

Angels assist our mighty Joy,
 Strike all your Harps of Gold:
 But when you raise your highest Notes
 His Love can ne'er be told!

H Y M N LXVII. C. M.

Providence and Grace.

SWEET is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
 My God, my Heav'nly King!
 Let Age to Age thy Righteousness
 In Sounds of Glory sing.

God reigns on high, but not confines
 His Goodness to the Skies;
 Thro' the whole Earth his Goodness shines,
 And every Want supplies.

With longing Eyes thy Creatures wait
 On Thee for daily Food;
 Thy lib'ral Hand provides them Meat,
 And fills their Mouths with Good.

How kind are thy Companions, Lord!
 How slow thine Anger moves:
 But soon He sends his pard'ning Word,
 To cheer the Soul He loves.

Creatures, with all their endless Race,
 Thy Pow'r and Praise proclaim:
 May we, who taste thy richer Grace,
 Delight to bless thy Name.

HYMN LXVIII. S. M.

Preserving Grace.

TO God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the Saints below the Skies
 Their humble Praises bring.

'Tis his Almighty Love,
 His Counsel and his Care,
 Preserves us safe from Sin and Death,
 And ev'ry hurtful Snare.

He will present his Saints
 Unblemish'd and compleat, — *Eph. 5. 27.*
 Before the Glory of his Face,
 With Joys divinely great.

Then all the *chosen Seed*
 Shall meet around the Throne,
 Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace,
 And make his Wonders known.

To our *Redeeming God*,
 Wisdom and Pow'r belongs;
 Immortal Crowns of Majesty,
 And everlasting Songs!

HYMN LXIX. G. M.

Hope of Glory.

HE is a God of *Sov'reign Love*
 That promis'd Heav'n to me;
 And taught my Thoughts to soar above *
 Where happy Spirits be. — *Heb. 12. 23.*

* *Col. 3. 1, 2.*

Prepare me, LORD, for thy Right Hand,
Then come the joyful Day!
Come Death, and some Coelestial Band,*
And bear my Soul away.

Then, my *Beloved*, take my Soul—*Cant.* 11. 16.
Up to thy blest Abode,
That, Face to Face, I may behold—*Job* 19. 27.
My SAVIOUR and my GOD.

H Y M N LXX. C. M.

The hiding Place.

MY hiding Place, my Refuge, Tow'r,
And Shield, art Thou, O LORD;
I firmly anchor all my Hopes
On thy unerring Word.

Engrav'd, as in Eternal Brass,
The mighty Promise shines:
Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkness raze
Those Everlasting Lines.

The sacred Word of Grace is strong
As that which built the Skies;
The Voice which rolls the Stars along,
Spake all the Promises.

H Y M N LXXI. C. M.

JEHOVAH the Sinner's Help and Hope.

Pf. 90.

O GOD our Help in Ages past,
Our Hope for Years to come;
Our Shelter from the stormy Blast,—*Isa.* 32. 2.
And our eternal Home.

* *Luke* 16. 22.

Before the Hills in Order stood,
 Or Earth receiv'd it's Frame;
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless Years the same.

A thousand Ages in thy Sight
 Are as an Ev'ning gone ;
 Short as the Watch that ends the Night,
 Before the rising Sun.

The busy Tribes of Flesh and Blood,
 With all their Cares and Fears,
 Are carry'd downward by the Flood,
 And lost in foll'wing Years.

Time, like an ever-rolling Stream,
 Bears all it's Sons away ;
 They fly forgotten, as a Dream,
 Dies at the op'ning Day.

O GOD our Help in Ages past,
 Our Hope for Years to come ;
 Be Thou our Guard while Life shall last,
 And our perpetual Home !

H Y M N LXXII. L. M.

Psalm 100.

BEFORE JEHOVAH's awful Throne,
 Ye Nations bow with sacred Joy ;
 Know that the LORD is GOD alone ;
 He can create, and He destroy.

His SOV'REIGN POW'R, without our Aid,
 Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men :
 And when like wand'ring Sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his Fold again.

We'll crowd thy Gates with thankful Songs,
 High as the Heav'ns our Voices raise ;
 And Earth with her ten thousand Tongues
 Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.

Wide as the World is thy Command,
 Vast as Eternity thy Love ;
 Firm as a Rock thy Truth *must* stand
 When rolling Years shall cease to move.

H Y M N LXXIII. C. M.

Perseverance.

LOST Sinners, who, by precious Faith,
 On JESUS CHRIST rely,
 Are, from that Moment, pass'd from Death,
 Can never, never die.—*John* 11. 25, 26.

Tho' thousand Snares enclose their Feet,
 Not one shall hold them fast.
 Whatever Dangers they may meet,
 They shall get safe at last.

Not as the World the SAVIOUR gives,
 He is no fickle Friend :
*Whom once He loves, He never leaves ;**
But loves them to the End.—*John* 13. 1.

* *Heb.* 13. 5.

JESUS in ev'ry Age has prov'd
His *Purchase* firm and true, — *Eph. 1. 14. Acts*
If this Foundation be remov'd, (20. 28.
What shall the Righteous do? — *Isa. 28. 16.*

O LORD, by *this* our Claim abides
This Title to our Bliss.
Whatever Loss we bear besides,
We'll never give up *this*.

H Y M N LXXIV. C. M.
Sovereign Grace.

LET me, my SAVIOUR and my GOD,
On Sov'reign Grace rely;
And own 'tis free, because bestow'd
On one so vile as I.

Election! 'Tis a Word divine
For, LORD, I plainly see,
Had not thy Choice prevented mine,*
I ne'er had chosen Thee.

For *Perseverance* Strength I've none;
But would on this depend!
That Jesus having lov'd his own,
He lov'd them to the End. — *John 13. 1.*

Empty and bare I come to Thee,
For *Righteousness* divine.
O may thy matchless Merits be,
By *Imputation* mine! — *Rom. 4. 24.*

* *2 Thes. 2. 13.* † *Jer. 31. 3.*

H Y M N LXXV. 119.

The Believer's Portion.

(Friend,
Compassionate *Bridegroom*, my *Shepherd* and
 My Soul from the Fury of Satan defend;
 Thy Presence continue, thy Blessing convey,
 And grant me a Spirit to praise and to pray.

Prevent and assist me, and so shall I run,
 And farther within me the Work Thou'st begun;
 And then let the World me reject or despise,
 Thy Grace for my Wants, LORD, shall ever
 (suffice.

Still go Thou before me, and guide me aright,
 Thy Peace be my Comfort, Thyself my Delight;
 Thy Will be my Pleasure, thy Honour my Aim;
 And this be my Glory, the Blood of the LAMB.

This, this be my Portion, thy Beauty my Song,
 Thy Name and thy Praises still dwell on my
 (Tongue :
 Direct by thy SPIRIT my Actions and Ways,
 So shall I inherit thy Blessing always.

H Y M N LXXVI. C. M.

Triumph of Faith.

HE lives ! He lives ! and sits above,
 For ever interceding there;
 Who shall divide us from CHRIST's Love ?
 Or what shall tempt us to Despair ?

Faith has an over-coming Pow'r;
 It triumphs in the dying Hour :
 CHRIST is our Life, our Joy, our Hope ;
 Nor can we sink with such a Prop.

My Peace and Safety lies in this,
My Creditor my Surety is;
The Judgment-day I dread the less:
My Judge is made my Righteousness.

H Y M N LXXVII. L. M.

Righteousness and Peace kissing each
other. Pl. 85.

SALVATION is for ever nigh,
The Souls that fear and trust the LORD:
And Grace, descending from on high,
Fresh Hopes of Glory shall afford.

Mercy and Truth on Earth are met,
Since CHRIST the LORD came down from
By his Obedience so complete, (Heav'n,
Justice is pleas'd, and Peace is giv'n.

Now Truth and Honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on Earth again,
And Heav'nly Influence bless the Ground,
In our REDEEMER's gentle Reign.

His Righteousness is gone before,
To give us free Access to GOD;
Our wand'ring Feet shall stray no more,
But mark his Steps, and keep the Road.

H Y M N LXXVIII. L. M.

The Christian Race.

AWAKE our Souls, away our Fears,
Let ev'ry trembling Thought be gone,
Awake, and run the Heav'nly Race,
And put a chearful Courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny Road,
And mortal Spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the Mighty God,
That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

The Mighty God, whose matchless Pow'r
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless Years
Their everlasting Circles run.

From Thee, the overflowing Spring,
Our Souls shall drink a fresh Supply,
While such as trust their native Strength
Shall melt away and droop and die.

Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air,
We'll mount aloft to thine Abode;
On Wings of Love our Souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the Heav'nly Road.

H Y M N LXXIX. L. M.

CHRIST worthy of all Praise.

WHAT equal Honours shall we bring,
To Thee, O LORD our God, the
(LAMB,
When all the Notes that Angels sing
Are far inferior to thy Name?

Worthy is He that once was slain,
The PRINCE of Peace that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty FATHER'S Side.

Blessings for ever on the LAMB,
 Who bore the Curse for wretched Men :
 Let *Angels* sound his sacred Name,
 And ev'ry Creature say, *Amen.*

H Y M N LXXX. 8. 7.

The Traitor suing for Pardon.

SAVIOUR, canst Thou love a Traitor ?
 Canst thou Love a Child of Wrath ?
 Can a Hell-deserving Creature
 Be the Purchase of thy Death ?
 Is thy Blood so efficacious,
 As to make my Nature clean ?
 Is thy Sacrifice so precious
 As to free me from my Sin ?

Sin on every Hand surrounds me,
 No Acquittance can I hear ;
 Pangs of Unbelief confound me,
 Help me LORD my Grief to bear.
 Here then is my Resolution,
 At thy dearest Feet to fall ;
 Here I'll meet with Condemnation,
 Or a Freedom from my Thrall.

Now deny thy Grace and Mercy,
 If Thou canst, to wretched me ;
 Lay aside thy Love and Pity,
 If Thou canst, and let me die :
 If I meet with Condemnation,
 Justly I deserve the same ;
 If I meet with free Salvation,
 I will magnify thy Name.

HYMN LXXXI. 7s.

The importunate Sinner.

GRACIOUS LORD, incline thine Ear,
My Complaint vouchsafe to hear;
Sore distressed with Guilt am I,
Give me CHRIST, or else I die.

Wealth and Honour I disdain,
Earthly Comforts all are vain;
They can never satisfy;
Give me CHRIST, &c.

LORD, deny me what thou wilt;
Only take away my Guilt;
Mourning at thy Feet I lie;
Give me CHRIST, &c.

All unholy, all unclean,
Nothing am I else but Sin;
I to Thee for Mercy fly,
Give me CHRIST, &c.

Thou dost freely save the *Lost*;
In thy Grace alone I trust;
Unto Thee lift up my cry,
Give me CHRIST, &c.

O my God, what shall I say?
Take, O take my Sins away;
Jesu's Blood to me apply,
Give me CHRIST, &c.

Does the FATHER seem to frown ?

I take Shelter in the Son :

JESUS, to thine Arms I fly ;

Save me, LORD, or else I die.

H Y M N LXXXII. C. M.

The Sun of Righteousness arising.

HOW heavy is the Night
That hangs upon our Eyes;
Till CHRIST with his reviving Light
O'er our dark Souls arise :

Our guilty Spirits dread
To meet the Wrath of Heav'n ;
But in his Righteousness array'd,
We see our Sins forgiv'n.

Unholy and impure
Are all our Thoughts and Ways,
His Hands infected Nature cure
With sanctifying Grace.

The Pow'rs of Hell agree
To hold our Souls in vain ;
He sets the Sons of Bondage free,
And breaks the cursed Chain.

LORD, we adore thy Ways,
To bring us near to God ;
Thy Sov'reign Pow'r, thy healing Grace,
And thine atoning Blood.

H Y M N. LXXXIII. C. M.

Gratitude.

COME, let us all unite to praise
The SAVIOUR of Mankind,
Our thankful Hearts in solemn Lays,
Be with our Voices join'd.

But how shall Dust his Worth declare,
When Angels try in vain;
Their Faces veil when they appear
Before the SON of MAN.

O LORD, we cannot silent be,
By Love we are constrain'd
To offer our best Thanks to Thee—
Our SAVIOUR, and our FRIEND!

Tho' feeble are our best Essays,
Thy Love will not despise;
Our grateful Songs of humble Praise,
Our well-meant Sacrifice.

Let ev'ry Tongue thy Goodness show,
And spread abroad thy Fame;
Let ev'ry Heart with Praise overflow,
And bless thy sacred Name!

Worship and Honour, Thanks and Love,
Be to our JESUS giv'n!
By Men below,—by Hosts above—
By all in Earth and Heav'n!

H Y M N LXXXIV. 75.

Bidding the World Adieu.

WORLD, adieu ! thou real Cheat,
 Oft have thy deceitful Charms
 Fill'd my Heart with fond Conceit,
 Foolish Hopes, and false Alarms ;
 Now I see as clear as Day,
 How thy Follies pass away.

Vain the entertaining Sights ;
 False thy Promises renew'd,
 All the Pomp of thy Delights
 Does but flatter and delude :
 Thee I quit for Heav'n above,
 Object of the noblest Love.

Farewel Honour's empty Pride,
 Thy own nice, uncertain Guit,
 If the least Mischance betide,
 Lays thee lower than the Dust :
 Worldly Honours end in Gall,
 Rise To-day—To-morrow fall.

Foolish Vanity—farewel—
 More inconstant than the Waves,
 Where thy soothing Fancies dwell,
 Purest Tempers they deprave :
 He, to whom I fly from thee,
 JESUS CHRIST shall set me free.

Let not, Lord, my wand'ring Mind
 Follow after fleeting Toys

Since in Thee alone I find
Solid and substantial Joys :
Joys that never over-past,
Thro' Eternity shall last.

LORD, how happy is the Heart
After Thee while it aspires !
True and faithful as Thou art,
Thou shalt answer its Desires ;
It shall see the glorious Scene
Of thine everlasting Reign.

H Y M N LXXXV. 7s.

TO JESUS CHRIST.

HOLY LAMB, who Thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live ;
Day and Night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be.

Fix, O fix my wav'ring Mind,
To thy Cross my Spirit bind ;
Earthly Passions far remove,
Fill my Soul with sacred Love.

Dust and Ashes tho' we be,
Full of Guilt and Misery :
Thine we are, Thou SON of GOD,
Take the Purchase of thy Blood.

Boundless Wisdom, Pow'r Divine,
Love unpeakable, are thine ;
Praise by all to Thee be giv'n,
Sons of Earth, and Hosts of Heav'n !

H Y M N LXXXVI. C. M.

The World given up.

LET worldly Minds the World pursue,
 It has no Charms for me;
 Once I admir'd it's Trifles too,
 But Grace has set me free.

It's Pleasures now no longer please,
 No more Content afford;
 Far from my Heart be Joys like these,
 Now I have *known* the LORD.—1 John 2. 38

As by the Light of op'ning Day
 The Stars are all conceal'd;
 So earthly Pleasures fade away
 When Jesus is reveal'd.

Creatures no more divide my Choice,
 I bid them all depart;
 His *Name* and *Love*, and *Gracious Voice*
 Have fix'd my roving Heart.

Now, LORD, I would be thine alone,
 And wholly live to Thee;
 But may I hope that Thou wilt own
 A worthless Worm like me!

Yes, tho' of Sinners I'm the Worst,
 I cannot doubt thy Will;
 For if Thou hadst not lov'd me *first*,*
 I had refus'd Thee still.

* 1 John 4. 19.

H Y M N LXXXVII. L. M.

Self-abasement.

(Mind,
WHEN Darkness long has veil'd my
 And smiling Day once more appears,
 Then, my REDEEMER, then I find,
 The Folly of my Doubts and Fears.

Straight I upbraid my wand'ring Heart,
 And blush that I shou'd ever be
 So prone to act so base a Part,
 And harbour one hard Thought of Thee.

O let me then at length be taught,
 What still I am so slow to learn,
 That GOD is *Love*, and *changes not*, — *Mal. 3. 6.*
 Nor knows the *Shadow* of a Turn.

Sweet Truth, and easy to repeat,
 But when my Faith is sharply try'd,
 I find myself a Learner yet,
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But Oh ! my LORD, one Look from Thee
 Subdues the disobedient Will,*
 Drives Doubt, and Discontent away,
 And thy rebellious Worm is still.†

Thou art as willing to forgive,
 As I am ready to repine ;
 Thou therefore all the Praise receive,
 Be Shame, and Self-abhorrence mine.

* *Luke 22. 61.* † *Ps. 46. 10.*

H Y M N LXXXVIII. C. M.

Faith Triumphant.

WHEN I can read my Title clear,
To Mansions in the Skies :
I bid Farewel to ev'ry Fear,
And dry my weeping Eyes.

Shou'd Death against my Soul engage,
And hellish Darts be hurl'd ;

Then I can smile at Satan's Rage,†
And face a frowning World;

Shou'd Cares like a wild Deluge come,
And Storms of Sorrow fall ;

Thro' them I press towards my Home,
My God, my *Heav'n*, my *ALL*.

There shall I bathe my weary Soul,
In Seas of Heav'nly Rest ;

And not a Wave of Trouble roll
Across my peaceful Breast.

H Y M N LXXXIX. C. M.

The Traveller in the Wilderness.

LORD what a wretched Land is this,
That yields us no Supply,
No chearing Fruits, no whollome Trees,
Nor Streams of living Joy ?

A thousand savage Beasts of Prey—*Ps. 80. 13.*
Around the Forest roam ;

But *Judah's* Lion guards the Way,—*Rev. 5. 5.*
And guides the Strangers Home.

* *Rom. 5. 1, 2.* † *1 Cor. 15. 55.*

With glimm'ring Hopes and gloomy Fears
We trace the sacred Road,
Thro' dismal Deeps and dang'rous Snares
We make our Way to GOD.

Our Journey is a thorny Maze,
But we march upward still ;
Forget our Troubles in the Ways,
And run to Zion's Hill.

There stands our FATHER at the Gates
Inviting us to come !
There JESUS the *Fore-runner* waits,*
To welcome Trav'lers Home !

Eternal Glories to the KING
He'll bring us safely through ;
Our Tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless Praise renew.

H Y M N XC. L. M.

True Catholicism.

NOT diff'rent Food, nor diff'rent Dress,
Compose the Kingdom of our LORD ;
But *Peace* and *Joy* and *Righteousness*,†
Faith, and *Obedience* to his Word.

When weaker Christians we despise,
We do the Gospel mighty Wrong :
For GOD the Gracious and the Wise,
Receives the Feeble with the Strong.

* Heb. 6. 20. † Rom. 14. 7.

Let Pride and Wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekness and Love our Souls pursue;
Nor shall our Practice give Offence
To Saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

H Y M N XCI. L. M.

CHRIST's Righteousness, Phil. 3. 7-9.

NO more, my God, I boast no more,
Of all the Duties I have done;
I quit the Hopes I held before,
To trust the Merits of thy SON.

Now for the Love I bear his Name,
What was my Gain, I count my Loss:
My former Pride I call my Shame,
And nail my Glory to his Cross.

Yes, and I must and will esteem,
All Things but Loss for Jesu's Sake;
O may my Soul be found in Him,
And of his *Righteousness* partake!

The best Obedience of my Hands
Dares not appear before thy Throne;
But *Faith* can answer thy Demands,
By pleading what my LORD has done.

H Y M N XCII. C. M.

The High Priest.

WITH Joy we meditate the Grace
Of our HIGH PRIEST above;*
His Heart is made of Tenderness,
His Bowels melt with Love.

† 1 Cor. 10. 32. * Heb. 4. 15. †

Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame ;
He knows what fore Temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

But spotless, innocent and pure,
The Great REDEEMER stood,
While Satan's fiery Darts He bore,
And did resist to Blood.

He in the Days of feeble Flesh
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,†
And in his Measure feels afresh
What ev'ry Member bears.

He'll never quench the smoking Flax,*
But raise it to a Flame ;
The bruised Reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest Name.

Then let our humble Faith address
His Mercy and his Pow'r ;
We shall obtain deliv'ring Grace
In the distressing Hour.—*Heb. 4. 16.*

H Y M N XCIII. C. M.

The Spirit's Work.

WHY should the Children of a King
Go mourning all their Days ?
GREAT COMFORTER ! descend and bring
Some Tokens of thy Grace.

† *Heb. 5. 7.* * *Mat. 12. 20.*

Dost Thou not dwell in all the Saints,
And seal the Heirs of Heav'n?—*Eph. 1.13.*
When wilt Thou banish my Complaints,
And shew my Sins forgiv'n?

Assure my Conscience of her Part
In the REDEEMER's Blood;
And bear thy Witness with my Heart,
That I am born of GOD.

Thou art the Earnest of his Love,*
The Pledge of Joys to come;
And thy soft Wings, CELESTIAL DOVE,
Will safe convey me Home.

H Y M N XCIV. C.M.

The Word.

LADEN with Guilt and full of Fears,
I flee to Thee, my LORD;
And not a Glimpse of Hope appears,
But in thy *written Word*.

The Volume of my FATHER's Grace
Does all my Grief assuage:
Here I behold my SAVIOUR's Face
Almost in ev'ry Page.

This is the Field where hidden lies
The Pearl, of Price unknown;
That Merchant is divinely wise
Who makes that Pearl his own. §

Here consecrated Water flows
 To quench my Thirst of Sin;
 Here the fair Tree of Knowledge grows,
 Nor Danger dwells therein.

This is the Judge that ends the Strife,
 Where Wit and Reason fail;
 My Guide to everlasting Life
 Thro' all this gloomy Vale.

Oh ! may thy Counsels, Mighty God !
 My roving Feet command;
 Nor I forsake the happy Road,
 That leads to thy Right Hand.

H Y M N XCIV. C. M.

CHRIST'S OFFICES.

WE bless the Propheet of the Lord,*
 That comes with Truth and Grace;
 Jesus, thy SPIRIT and thy Word
 Shall lead us in thy Ways.

We rev'rence our HIGH PRIEST above,
 Who offer'd up his Blood,
 And lives to carry on his Love,
 By pleading with our God.

We honour our exalted King;
 How sweet are his Commands !
 He guards our Souls from Hell and Sin
 By his Almighty Hands.

Hosanna to his Glorious Name,
Who thus appears for us ;
His Mercies lay a sov'reign Claim
To all our Hope and Trust.

H Y M N XCVI. L. M.

The Work of the Spirit.

ETERNAL SPIRIT ! we confess
And sing the Wonders of thy Grace ;
Thy Pow'r conveys our Blessings down*
From God the FATHER and the SON.

Enlighten'd by thine Heav'nly Ray,
Our Shades and Darkeness turn to Day ;
Thine inward Teachings make us know
Our Danger, and our Refuge too.

Thy Pow'r and Glory work within,
And break the Sceptre of our Sin ;
Thy Grace imperious Lusts subdue,
And forms our wretched Hearts anew.

The troubled Conscience knows thy Voice ;
Thy chearing Words awake our Joys ;
Thy Words allay the stormy Wind,
And calm the Surges of the Mind.

H Y M N XCVII. C. M.

IMMANUEL.

DEAREST of all the Names above,
My Jesus, and my God,
Who can resist the Heav'nly Love,
Or trifle with thy Blood ?

* John 16. 15.

'Tis by the Merits of thy Death,
The FATHER smiles again ;
'Tis by thine interceeding Breath—*Rom. 8. 26.*
The SPIRIT dwells with Men.

'Till God in human Flesh I see,
My Thoughts no Comfort find ;
The Holy, Just, and Sacred THREE,
Are Terrors to my Mind.—*Heb. 12. 29.*

But if IMMANUEL's Face appear,
My Hope, my Joy begins :
His Name forbids my slavish Fear,
His Grace subdues my Sins.

While some on their own Works rely,
And some of Wisdom boast,
I love th' *Incarnate Mystery*,
And there I fix my Trust.

H Y M N XCVIII. C. M.

CHRIST's Commission.

COME, happy Souls, approach your God,
With new melodious Songs ;
Come, render to Almighty Grace
The Tribute of your Tongues.

So strange, so boundless was the Love
That pity'd dying Men,
The FATHER sent his *Equal SON* *
To give them Life again.

* *John 10. 30.*

Thy Hands, Dear Jesus, were not raised
 With a revenging Rod;
 No hard Commission to perform
 The Vengeance of a God;

But all was Mercy, all was mild;
 And Wrath forsook the Throne,
 When CHRIST on the kind Errand came,
 And brought Salvation down.

Here, Sinners, you may heal your Wounds,
 And wipe your Sorrows dry;
 Trust in the Mighty SAVIOUR'S Name,
 And you shall never die, — *John 11. 26.*

See, Dearest LORD, our willing Souls
 Accept thine offer'd Grace;
 We bless the Great REDEEMER'S Love,
 And give the FATHER Praise.

H Y M N XCIX. 68.

The Heavenly Voyage.

JESU at thy Command
 I launch into the Deep;
 And leave my native Land
 Where Sin, fulls all asleep.
 For Thee I feign would all resign,
 And sail to Heav'n with Thee and Thine.
 What though the Seas are broad,
 What though the Waves are strong,
 What though tempestuous Winds
 Distress me all along,
 Yet what are Seas or stormy Winds,
 Compar'd to CHRIST, the Sinner's Friend?

CHRIST is my Pilot wife,
My Compass is his Word :
My Soul each Storm defies
While I have such a Lord.
I trust his Faithfulness and Pow'r
To save me in the trying Hour.

Though Rocks and Quicksands deep
Through all my Passage lie :
Yet CHRIST shall safely keep
And guide me with his Eye.
How can I sink with such a Prop
That bears the World and all Things up ?

By Faith I see the Land,
The Hav'n of endless Rest ;
My Soul thy Wings expand !
And fly to JESU'S Breast !
O may I reach the Heav'nly Shore,
Where Winds and Seas distress no more !

Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And all my Storms subside ;
Then to my Succour fly
And keep me near thy Side :
For more the treach'rous Calm I dread
Than Tempests bursting o'er my Head.

Come HEAV'NLY WIND and blow
A prosperous Gale of Grace,
To waft from all below
To Heav'n my destin'd Place.
Then in full Sail my Port I'll find
And leave the World and Sin behind.

HYMN C.

Ashamed of Jesus!—Mark 8. 38.

JESUS! and shall it ever be?
A mortal Man *ashamed* of thee!
Scorn'd be the Thought by Rich and Poor,
O! may I scorn it more and more.

Ashamed of Jesus! of that Friend
On whom for Heav'n my Hopes depend.
It must not be—Be this my Shame,
That I no more revere his Name.

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let Evening blush to own a Star.
Ashamed of Jesus! Just as soon
Let Midnight blush to think of Noon.

'Tis Evening with my Soul, 'till He
That Morning Star, bids Darkness flee.
He sheds the Beams of Noon divine
O'er all this Midnight Soul of mine.

Asham'd of Jesus! shall yon Field,
Blush when it thinks who bids it yield.
Yet blush I must while I adore—
I blush to think I yield no more.

Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no Crimes to wash away.
No Tears to wipe, no Joy to crave,
No Fears to quell, or Soul to save.

'Till then—not is the Boasting vain—
 'Till then, I boast a SAVIOUR slain:
 And Oh! may this my Portion be,
 That SAVIOUR not ashamed of me.

H Y M N C I. L. M.

NATIVITY.

JESUS, all Praise is due to Thee,
 That Thou wast pleas'd a *Man* to be!
 A Virgin's Womb Thou didst not scorn,
 And Angels thou to see Thee born.
 Hallelujah.

The Blessed FATHER's only Son
 Chuseth a *Manger* for his Throne;
 And tho' the High and Mighty God,
 Assumes our feeble Flesh and Blood.
 Hallelujah.

Whom Earth could not contain or Skies,
 In low Estate the SAVIOUR lies:
 And who the World's Foundation laid,*
 Is now a little *Infant* made. Hallelujah.

The FATHER's Brightness comes in Sight,†
 Gives to the World its saving Light;
 And drives the Clouds of Sin away,
 To make us Children of the Day.
 Hallelujah.

The Son the Almighty God confess'd,
 In his own World became a Guest;
 And open'd thro' Himself the Way,
 A Passage to eternal Day. Hallelujah.

* *John* 1. 3. † *Heb.* 1. 3.

For us these Wonders He hath wrought,
To shew his Love, surpassing Thought! *
Then let us all unite to sing
Praise to our Loving God and King.

Hallelujah.

H Y M N CH. 8 & 6.

The Same.

ALL Glory be to God on high,
Ye Sons of Adam fill the Sky,
With Praise and Thankfulness a
God, from an everlasting Love, — Jer. 31. 3.
Decreed with his Dear Son above
A sinful World to bless!

Stand still, and see what God hath done,
He had but one Beloved Son,

And Him He freely gave:
For whom was this; but for a Race
Of Sinners guilty, vile, and base:
Yet these He came to save.

All Glory to th' Eternal Son,
That He most freely did put on

Our Flesh and Misery:
That He, our God, a Man was made,
And bore our Curse, our Ransom paid,
By bleeding on the Tree!

He as a poor mean Child was born,
His Birth no Palace did adorn,

A Manger was his Bed:
Look, look upon this rising Sun,
Till Tears of Love the Eyes o'er-run,
This Babe is CHRIST our HEAD.

* Eph. 3. 19.

H Y M N CIII. L. M.

The Same.

HARK ! the best News that ever came
To sinful Men, condemn'd, forlorn !
Aloud, Celestial Hosts proclaim,
“ *A Saviour, Christ the Lord, is born.*”

Their SOV' REIGN throws his Beams aside,
And steps from his Imperial Throne ;
In human Form the God to hide,
And our frail Flesh to make his own.

How many Wonders here combine,
To draw and fix believing Eyes ;
And fill all Heav'n with Joy divine,
With awful Mirth, and sweet Surprise.

The Angels croud, in shining Bands,
To wait on this auspicious Birth ;
And loud proclaim their God's Commands,
His Praise on High, his Peace on Earth.

Let us too try our utmost Skill,
And loud, with thankful Hearts, reply ;
On Earth be Peace, to Men good Will,
And highest Praise to God on High.

H Y M N CIV. 7s.

The Same.

HARK ! The Herald-Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King !
Peace on Earth and Mercy mild,
God and Sinners reconcil'd.

Joyful all ye Nations rise,
Join the Triumphs of the Skies;
With th' Angelic Host proclaim,
" *Christ is born in Bethlehem!*" — *Luke 2. 10, 11.*

CHRIST, by highest Heav'n ador'd,
CHRIST the Everlasting Lord;
Late in Time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's Womb.

Veil'd in Flesh the GODHEAD see,
Hail th' INCARNATE DEITY!
Pleas'd as Man with Men't' appear,
JESUS our IMMANUEL here.

Mild He lays his Glory by,
Born, that Man no more may die;
Born to raise the Sons of Earth,
Born to give them second Birth. — *John 3. 3.*

Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble Home;
Rise, the Woman's conqu'ring Seed,
Bruise in us the Serpent's Head.

H Y M N CV. 86558.

The Same.

L IFT up your Heads in joyful Hope,
Salute the happy Morn;
Each Heavenly Pow'r
Proclaims the glad Hour,
Lo JESUS the SAVIOUR is Born!

All Glory be to God on high,
 To Him all Praise is due;
 The Promise is seal'd,
 The SAVIOUR's reveal'd,—*Isa. 40. 5.*
 And proves that the Record is true.

Let Joy around like Rivers flow,
 Flow on, and still increase;
 Spread o'er the glad Earth
 At JESUS his Birth,
 For Heaven and Earth are at Peace.

Now the Good-will of Heaven is shewn
 Tow'rd's *Adam's* helpless Race;
 MESSIAH is come
 To ransom his own,
 To save them by infinite Grace.

Then let us join the Heavens above
 Where hymning Seraphs sing,
 Join all the glad Pow'rs,
 For their LORD is *Ours*,
 Our PROPHET, our PRIEST, and our KING.

H Y M N C VI. 7s.

CIRCUMCISION.

SEE, my Soul, with wonder see
 The *Incarnate* DEITY;
 Human Nature He assumes,
 He to ransom Sinners comes.
 He was not conceiv'd in Sin,
 He was infinitely clean;—*Heb. 9. 14.*
 Him no sinful Spot disguis'd,
 Yet, lo! He was circumcis'd.

He fulfill'd all Righteousness,
 Standing in our legal Place,
 From the Cradle to the Cross,
 All He did He did for us.
 He did all our Woes retrieve,
 He expir'd that we might live :
 By his Stripes our Wounds are heal'd,
 By his Blood our Peace is seal'd.

Circumcise our filthy Hearts,
 Purify our inward Parts ;
 LORD, destroy the carnal Mind
 That in Thee we Peace may find :
 In thy Righteousness array'd,
 Let us triumph and be glad ;
 May we walk on Earth with Thee,
 And in Heav'n thy Glory see.

H Y M N CVII.

The PASSION. 7s.

OH ! what Wonders Love has done !
 But how little understood !
 GOD well knows, and GOD alone,
 What produc'd that Sweat of Blood.
 Who can thy deep Wonders see,
 Wonderful *Gethsemane* ? — *Matt. 26. 36.*

Many Woes had **CHRIST** endur'd,
 Many sore Temptations met,
 Patient, and to Pains inur'd :
 But the sorest Trial yet,
 Was to be sustain'd in thee,
 Gloomy, sad *Gethsemane*.

There my God bore all my Guilt,
 This, thro' Grace, can be believ'd;
 But the Horrors which He felt,
 Are too great to be conceiv'd.
 None can penetrate thro' thee,
 Doleful, dark *Gethsemane*.

SAVIOUR, all the Stone remove
 From my flinty frozen Heart;
 Thaw it with the Beams of Love:
 Pierce it with a Blood-dipt Dart.
 Wound the Heart, that wounded Thee:
 Melt it in *Gethsemane*.

H Y M N C V I L L L. M.

The CRUCIFIXION.

YE that pass by, *behold the MAN!*
 The MAN of Grievs condemn'd for you!
 The LAMB of GOD for Sinners slain
 Weeping to *Calvary* pursue.—*John 19. 5.*

See how his Back the Scourges tear,
 While to the bloody Pillar bound!
 The Ploughmen make long Furrows there,
 'Till his whole Body is a Wound.*

His sacred Limbs they stretch, they tear,
 With Nails they fasten to the Wood
 His sacred Limbs—expos'd and bare,
 Or only cover'd with his Blood!

See there! his Temples crown'd with Thorn!
 His bleeding Hands extended wide!
 His streaming Feet transfix'd and torn!
 The Fountain gushing from his Side.

* *Psa. 129. 3. † John 19. 34.*

Where is the KING of Glory now ?
 The Everlasting SON of GOD ?
 Th' IMMORTAL hangs his languid Brow,
 Th' ALMIGHTY yet supports the Load !

Beneath our Load of Sin, He dies !*
 We fill'd his Soul with Pangs unknown,
 We caus'd those mortal Groans, and Cries,
 We kill'd the FATHER's only SON.†

H Y M N CIX. 8s.

The same.

FLOW fast my Tears; the cause is great;
 This Tribute claims an injur'd Friend:
 One whom I long pursu'd with Hate,
 And yet *He lov'd me to the End.*
 When Death his Terrors round me spread,
 And aim'd his Arrows at my Head.
 CHRIST interpos'd, the Wound He bore,
 And bade the Monster dare no more.

Fast flow my Tears, yet faster flow,
 Stream copious as yon purple Tide,
 'Twas I that dealt the deadly Blow,
 I urg'd the Hand that pierc'd his Side.
 Keen Pangs and agonizing Smart
 Oppress his Soul, and rend his Heart;
 Whilst Justice, arm'd with Pow'r DIVINE,
 Pours on his Head what's due to mine.

Fast and yet faster flow my Tears,
 Love breaks the Heart, and drains the Eyes;
 His Visage marr'd, tow'rd Heav'n He rears,
 And, pleading for his Murd'rer, dies !

My Grief nor Measure knows nor End,
 'Till He appear the Sinner's Friend;
 And gives me, in a happy Hour,
 To feed the risen Saviour's Pow'r.

H Y M N CX. 887.

The same. *Isaiah 53.*

WHO hath our Report believed?
Shiloh come is not received,
 Not received by his own,
 Promis'd Branch from Root of Jesse,
David's Offspring sent to bless ye,
 Comes too meekly to be known.

Tell me, O thou favour'd Nation,
 What is thy fond Expectation?
 Some fair, spreading lofty Tree;
 Let not worldly Pride confound thee,
 'Mong the lowly Plants around thee,
 Mark the *Lowest*, that is HE.

Lo! MESSIAH unrespected!
Man of Griefs, despised, rejected!
 Wounds his Form disfiguring,
 Marr'd his Visage more than any
 For He bears the Sins of many,
 All our Sorrows carrying.

No Deceit his Mouth had spoken,
 Blameless He no Law had broken,
 Yet was number'd with the Worst:
 For, because the LORD would grieve Him,
 We, who saw it, did believe Him,
 For his own Offences curst.

But while Him our Thoughts accused,
 He for us alone was bruised,
 Stricken, smitten for our Guilt :
 With his Stripes, our Wounds are cured,
 By his Pains, our Peace assured.—*Rom. 5. 1.*
 Secur'd by the Blood He spilt.

Fear our Portion, Slaves in Spirit,—
 He redeem'd us by his Merit
 To a glorious Liberty :
 Dearly first his Goodness bought us,
 Truth and Love then sweetly taught us,
 Truth and Love have made us free.

Blessed be the Pow'r who gave us,
 Freely gave his SON to save us,
 Bless'd the SON who freely came :
 Honour, Blessing, Adoration,
 Ever, from the whole Creation,
 Be to GOD and to the LAMB.

H Y M N CXI. L^t M.

The Same.

ALL ye that pass by ! to JESUS draw nigh,*
 To you is it nothing that JESUS should
 (die ?
 Our Ransom, and Peace, our Surety He is,
 Come, see, if there ever was Sorrow like his !
 For what you have done his Blood did atone ;
 The FATHER hath punish'd for you his dear
 (SON.

The LORD, in the Day of his Anger, did lay †
Our Sins on the LAMB, and He bore them
away.

He answer'd for all, who come at his Call,
And low at his Cross with Astonishment fall.

H Y M N CXII. 7s.

The Same.

HEARTS of Stone, relent, relent,
Break by Jesu's Cross subdu'd!
See his Body mangled, rent,
Cover'd with a Gore of Blood!
Sinful Soul, what hast Thou done?
Murder'd God's Eternal Son!

Yes, our Sins have done the Deed,
Drove the Nails that fix Him here;
Crown'd with Thorns his sacred Head,
Pierc'd Him with a Soldier's Spear;
Made his Soul a Sacrifice;
For us sinful Worms he dies!

Shall I let Him die in vain?
Still to Death pursue my God?
Open tear his Wounds again.—*Heb. 6. 6.*
Trample on his precious Blood?
No; with all my Sins I'll part:
Jesu's Love hath broke my Heart. ||

† *Isa. 53. 10.* § *Ezek. 36. 26.*
|| *Psa. 51. 17.*

H Y M N CXIII. S. M.

The Same.

GO forth in Spirit, go
To *Calvary's* holy Mount!
See there thy FRIEND, between two Thieves,
Suffring on thy Account.

Fall at his Cross's Foot,
And say my GOD and LORD;—*John 20. 28.*
Here let me dwell, and view those Wounds
Which Life for me procur'd!

Fix on that Face Thine Eye;
Why shrinks thy trembling Heart?
Thy great, thy many crimson Sins
Shame, Grief, and Fear impart.

Fear not; for this is He
Who always loves us first;—*1. John 4. 19.*
And with white Robes of Righteousness
Delights * to deck the worst.—*Isa. 61. 10.*

Or art thou at a Loss
What thou to Him shalt say?
Be but sincere, and all thy Case
Just as it is display.

That Heart our SAVIOUR loves
Which does not strive to weave
Pretences fair to sooth itself,
And his sharp Eyes deceive.

* *Mic. 7. 18.*

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H Y M N CXIV. S. M.

The Same.

THEY pierc'd Him to the Heart,
O let me view the Wound;
And count the precious, precious Drops
That stain the thirsty Ground.

Ah! Who cou'd marr Thee thus,
That never didst offend?
How cou'd a sinful World combine
Against the Sinner's Friend?

They needed nor the Spear
To shed my Saviour's Blood:
Love would have burst his tender Heart,
Whilst Mercy pour'd the Flood.

O copious, healing Stream!
Tho' urg'd by hostile Hand:
From evil springs the MIGHTY GOOD,
That cleanses Judah's Land.

H Y M N CXV. L. M.

The Same.

WHEN I survey the wond'rous Cross
On which the PRINCE of Glory dy'd,
My richest Gain I count but Loss,—*Phil. 3:8.*
And pour Contempt on all my Pride.

Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast
Save in the Death of CHRIST my God:
All the vain Things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his Blood.

* *Gal. 6: 14.*

See from his Head, his Hands and Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet,
Or Thorns compose so rich a Crown ?

Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
That were a Present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

H Y M N I X X V I I I M . H .

The Same.

WHAT Objects this that meets my Eyes
From but Jerusalem's Gate,
Which fills my Mind with such Surprize,
As Wonders to create,
Who can be that groans beneath
A pond'rous Cross of Wood ;
Whose Soul's overwhelm'd in Pains of Death,
And Body's bath'd in Blood ?

Is this the MAN, can this be He ?
The Prophets have foretold,
Should with Transgressors number'd be,
And for their Crimes be sold ?

Yes, now I know 'tis He, 'tis He,
Ev'n JESU, God's Dear Son,
Wrapt in Mortality to die
For Crimes that I had done.

• Isa. 53. 12.
The deriving from his Death

O ! blessed Sight, O ! lovely Form,
 To sinful Souls like me !
 I'll creep beside Him as a Worm
 And see Him die for me.

I'll bear his Groans and view his Wounds
 Until with happy *John*,
 I on his Breast a Place have found
 Sweetly to lean upon.—*John 13. 23.*

H. Y. M. N. CXVII. 187. H. Y.

The Same.

SWEET the Moments rich in Blessing
 Which before the Cross I spend ;
 Life, and Health, and Peace possessing,
 From the Sinner's dying Friend
 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
 Mercy's Streams in Streams of Blood ;
 Precious Drops my Soul bedewing
 Plead and claim my Peace with God.

Truly blessed is this Station
 Low before his Cross to lie ;
 While I see divine Compassion
 Floating in his languid Eye.
 Here it is I find my Heaven,
 While upon the LAMB I gaze ;
 Love I much ! I've much forgiven,
 I'm a Miracle of Grace.—*Duke 7. 17.*

Love and Grief my Heart dividing,
 With my Tears his Feet I'll bathe :
 Constant still in Faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his Death.

May I still enjoy this Feeling,
 In all Need to Jesus go;
 Prove his Wounds each Day more healing,
 And Himself more deeply know!

H Y M N CXVIII. 8 7 8.

RESURRECTION.

UPRISING from the darksome Tomb,
 See the victorious Jesus come!
 TH' ALMIGHTY PRIS'NER quits the Pris'n:
 And Angels tell, the LORD is ris'n,
 Angels, Angels, Angels, Angels, Angels, tell
 the LORD is ris'n.

Ye guilty Souls that groan and grieve,
 Hear the glad Tidings; hear, and live,
 God's righteous Law is satisfied,
 And Justice now is on your Side.
 Justice, Justice, &c.

Your Surety, thus releas'd by God,
 Pleads the rich Ransom of his Blood.
 No new Demand, no Bar remains,
 But Mercy now triumphant reigns.
 Mercy, Mercy, &c.

Believers, hail your Rising HEAD,
 The First-begotten from the Dead,
 Your Resurrection's lure, thro' His,
 To endless Life, and boundless BLESSEDNESS,
 Endless, endless, &c.

H Y M N CXIX.

The Same.

CHRIST the Lord is ris'n To-day!
Sons of Men and Angels say;
Raise your Joys and Triumphs high,
Sing ye Heav'ns; and Earth reply.

Love's Redeeming Work is done,
Fought the Fight, the Battle won;
Lo! our Sun's Eclipse is o'er,
Lo! He sets in Blood no more.

Vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,
CHRIST hath burst the Gates of Hell:
Death in vain forbids his Rise,
CHRIST hath open'd Paradise.

Lives again our Glorious KING,
Where O Death is now thy Sting?
Once He died our Souls to save,
Where thy Victory O Grave! — 1 Cor. 15. 55.

Hail! the LORD of Earth and Heav'n,
Praise to Thee by both be giv'n;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the RESURRECTION — Thou!

H Y M N CXX. 8s.

The Same.

HE dies! the FRIEND of Sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's Daughters weep around!
A solemn Darkness veils the Skies,
A sudden Trembling shakes the Ground!

• John 11. 25. † Luke 23. 27. 28.

Come Saints and drop a Tear or two,
For Him who groan'd beneath your Load;
He shed a thousand Drops for you,
A thousand Drops of richer Blood!

Here's Love and Grief beyond Degree;
The LORD of Glory dies for Men!
But lo! what sudden Joys we see!

JESUS the Dead revives again!
The Rising God forsakes the Tomb!
(The Tomb in vain forbids his Rise!)

Cherubic Legions guard Him Home,
And shout Him welcome to the Skies!

Break off your Tears ye Saints! and tell
How high our Great *Deliv'rer* reigns!

Sing how He spoil'd the Hosts of Hell,
And led the Monster Death in Chains;

Say "Live for ever Wond'rous KING!"

"Born to redeem! and strong to save!"

Then ask the Monster—"Where's thy Sting?"

"And where's thy Victory, boasting Grave?"

H Y M N CXXI. 7s.

The ASCENSION.

JESUS our Triumphant HEAD, Hallelujah.

Ris'n victorious from the Dead,

To the Realms of Glory's gone,

To ascend his rightful Throne.

Cherubs on the Conqueror gaze.

Seraphs glow with brighter Blaze.

Each bright Order of the Sky

Hail Him, as He passes by.

Receive the King of Glory's

Saints the glorious Triumph meet;
 See their En'mies at his Feet;
 By his Scars his Toils are view'd,
 And his Garments roll'd in Blood.

Heav'n it's King & congratulates
 Opens wide her golden Gates.
 Angels Songs of Victory sing;
 All the blissful Regions ring.

Brethren, join the heav'nly Pow'rs:
 Since Redemption all is ours,
 None but pardon'd Sinners prove
 Th' Height and Depth of Jesu's Love.

Hail, thou Dear, thou worthy Lord;
 Holy LAMB, *Incarnate Word!*
 Hail Thou suffering Son of God!
 Take the Trophies of thy Blood.

H Y M N CXIII
 The Same.

OUR LORD is risen from the Dead,
 Our JESUS is gone up on high;
 The Pow'rs of Hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the Portals of the Sky.

There his triumphal Chariot waits,
 And Angels chaunt the solemn Lay:
Lift up your Heads, ye Heav'nly Gates,
Ye everlasting Doors give Way!

Loose all your Bars of massy Light,
 And wide unfold th' *Ethereal Scene*;
 He claims these Mansions as his Right,
 Receive the KING of Glory in!

Who is the KING of Glory, who?
 The LORD, that all his Foes o'ercame;
 The World, Sin, Death, and Hell o'erthrew,
 And Jesus is the Conqueror's Name.

Lo! his triumphal Chariot waits,
 And Angels chaunt the solemn Lay;
Lift up your Heads, ye Heav'nly Gates,
Ye everlasting Doors give Way!

Who is the KING of Glory, who?
 The LORD of glorious Pow'r possesst;
 The KING of Saints and Angels too,
 God over all, for ever blest!

H Y M N CXXIII. S. M.

The COMFORTER.

COME, Holy SPIRIT, come;—*Act: 2. 3.*
 Let thy bright Beams arise,
 Dispel the Darkness from our Mind;
 And open all our Eyes!—*Luke 4. 18.*

Chear our desponding Hearts,
 Thou Heav'nly PARACLETE;
 Give us to live, with humble Hope,
 At our REDEEMER's Feet.

Revive our drooping Faith;
 Our Doubts and Fears remove;
 And kindle in our Breast the Flames
 Of never-dying Love!

Convince us more of Sin;
 Then point to Jesu's Blood;
 And to our wond'ring View reveal
 Th' amazing Love of God!

H Y M N CXXIV. L. M.

PENTECOST.

REJOICE, rejoice ye fallen Race,

The Day of Pentecost is come! — *Act. 2.*

Expect the sure descending Grace,

Open your Hearts to make him Room.

Our Jesus is gone up on high, — *Psa. 68, 18.*

For us the Blessing to receive

It now comes streaming from the Sky,

The Spirit comes and sanctifies

Assembled here with one Accord,

Before the Footstool of thy Grace,

We wait the Promise of our Lord.

Come, Holy Ghost, and fill this Place;

Behold to Thee our Souls aspire,

And long the blest Descent to feel;

Kindle in each thy living Fire,

And stamp on every Heart thy Seal.

H Y M N CXXV. C. M.

For quickening Grace.

COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,

With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,

Kindle a Flame of sacred Love

In these cold Hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,

Fond of these earthly Toys,

Our Souls, how heavily they go,

To reach Eternal Joys!

In vain we tune our formal Song,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our Tongues,
And our Devotion dies.

Dear Lord! and shall we always live,
At this poor dying Rate?
Our Love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

Come Holy SPIRIT, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's Love,
And that shall kindle ours.

H Y M N CXXVI. C. M.

To the TRINITY.

HAIL, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!
Be endless Praise to Thee?
Supreme, Essential ONE, ador'd
In **Ceremonial THREE**.

To whom (*Isaiah's* Vision shew'd) *Isa. 6. 2. 3.*
The Seraphs veil their Wings,
While Thee **Jehovah, Lord and God**,
Th' Angelic Army sings.

To Thee by all the Pow'rs on high
Were humble Praises given,
When *John* beheld, with favour'd Eye,
Th' Inhabitants of Heaven.

Hail Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!
 Be endless Praise to Thee:
 Supreme, essential ONE, ador'd
 In co-eternal THREE.

H Y M N CXXVII. L.M.

The Same.

BLEST be the FATHER and his Love,
 To whose celestial Source we owe
 Rivers of endless Joys above,
 And Streams of Comfort here below!

Glory to Thee, Great Son of God!
 Forth from thy wounded Body rolls
 A precious Stream of vital Blood,
 Pardon and Life for dying Souls.

We give the Sacred SPIRIT praise,
 Who, in our Hearts of Sin and Woe,
 Makes living Springs of Grace arise,
 And into boundless Glory flow.

Thus GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the SPIRIT, we adore,
 That Sea of Life and Love unknown,
 Without a Bottom or a Shore.

H Y M N CXXVIII. 7s.

The Same.

FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST,
 ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE!
 As by the Coelestial Host,
 Let thy Will on Earth be done!
 Praise by all to Thee be giv'n,
 Glorious LORD of Earth and Heav'n!

If so poor a Worm as I
 May to thy great Glory live;
 All mine Actions sanctify,
 All my Thoughts and Words receive!
 Claim me for thy Service—claim
 All I have, and all I am!

Take my Soul and Body's Pow'rs,
 Take my Mem'ry, Mind and Will;
 All my Goods, and all mine Hours,
 All I know, and all I feel;
 All I think, and speak, and do,
 Take mine Heart—but make it new!

H Y M N CXXIX. 6 8.

The Same.

WE give immortal Praise,
 To GOD the FATHER's Love;
 For all our Comforts here,
 And better Hopes above,
 He sent his own
 Eternal SON,
 To die for Sins
 That Man had done.

To GOD the SON belongs
 Immortal Glory too,
 Who bought us with his Blood,
 From everlasting Woe.
 And now He lives,
 And now He reigns,
 And sees the Fruit
 Of all his Pains.

To GOD the SPIRIT's Name,
Immortal Worship give;
Whose new creating Pow'r
Makes the dead Sinner live.
His Work compleats
The great Design,
And fills the Soul
With Joy divine.

Almighty GOD, to Thee
Be endless Honours done:
The undivided THREE,
And the mysterious ONE!
Where Reason fails,
With all her Pow'rs,
There *Faith* prevails
And Love adores.

H Y M N CXXX. L. M.

Affurance of Faith.

A Debtor to Mercy alone,
Of Covenant-Mercy I sing;
Nor fear with thy *Righteousness* on
My Person and Off'ring to bring.
The Terrors of *Law* and of GOD—*Col. 2. 14.*
With me can have nothing to do;
My SAVIOUR's Obedience and Blood
Hide all my Transgressions from View.
The Work which his Goodness began,
The Arm of his Strength will complete;
His Promise is *Yea* and *Amen*,
And never was forfeited yet.
Things future, nor Things that are now,
Not all Things below nor above

Can make Him his Purpose forego,
Or sever my Soul from his Love.--Rom. 8, 39.

My Name from the Palms of his Hands,

Eternity will not erase ;--Isa. 49. 16.

Impress on his Heart it remains

In Marks of indelible Grace.

Yes, I to the End shall endure

As sure as the Earnest is giv'n ;

More happy, but not more secure

The glorify'd Spirits in Heav'n--John 14. 3.

H Y M N CXXXI. 6 8.

Offices of CHRIST.

ARRAY'D in mortal Flesh,

Lo ! the Great ANGEL stands !*

He holds the Promises

And Pardons in his Hands.

Commission'd from his FATHER'S Throne,

To make his Grace to Mortals known.

Be Thou our Counsellor,

Our Pattern and our Guide !

And through this desert Land

Still keep us near thy Side !

O let our Feet ne'er run astray,--1 Sam 2. 9.

Nor rove, nor seek the crooked Way.

We'd hear our Shepherd's Voice,

Whose watchful Eye doth keep

Poor wand'ring Souls among

The Thousands of his Sheep :

He feeds his Flock He calls their Names,

His Bosom bears the tender Lambs,--Isa. 40. 11.

* Mat. 3. 1.

To this dear *Surety's* Hands,—*Heb. 7. 22.*

My Soul commend thy Cause,

He answers and fulfils

His FATHER's broken Laws :

Believing Souls now free are set ;

For CHRIST hath paid their dreadful Debt.*

Their Advocate appears,

For their Defence on high,

The FATHER bows his Ears,

And lays his Thunder by ;

Not all that Hell or Sin can say,

Can turn his Heart, his Love away.

Then let our Souls arise,

And tread the Tempter down ;

Our *Captain* leads us forth—*Heb. 2. 10.*

To conquest and a Crown :

March on, nor fear to win the Day,

Though Death and Hell obstruct the Way.

H Y M N CXXXII. 7s.

The Sinner's Hope.

COME ye humble Sinner-Train,

Souls for whom the LAMB was slain ;

Chearful let us raise our Voice,

We have Reason to rejoice.

Let us sing with Saints in Heav'n,

Life restor'd and Sins forgiv'n,

Glory and Eternal Laud

Be to our Incarnate God.

Now look up with Faith, and see

Him that bled for you and me,

Seated on his Glorious Throne

Interceeding for his own.

* *Rom. 10. 4.*

What can Christians have to fear
 When they view their SAVIOUR there?
 Hell is vanquish'd, Heav'n appeas'd,
 God is reconcil'd and pleas'd.

Snares and Dangers may beset
 For we are but Trav'lers yet.
 As the Way indeed is hard
 Let us keep a constant Guard;
 Neither lifted up with Air,
 Nor dejected to Despair.
 Always keeping CHRIST in view — *Heb. 12. 2*
 He will bring us safely through.

H Y M N CXXXIII. 7s.

The Cross.

THIS my Privilege below,
 Not to live without *the Cross*;
 But the SAVIOUR'S Pow'r to know,
 Sanctifying every Loss.
 Troubles will and *must* befall,
 But with humble Faith to see
 Love inscrib'd upon them all,
 This is Happiness to me!

GOD in *Israel* sows the Seeds
 Of Affliction, Pain and Toil;
 These spring up and choak the Weeds
 Which wou'd else o'erspread the Soil;
 Trials make the Promise sweet;
 Trials give new Life to Pray'r;
 Trials lay me at his Feet,
 Lay me low and keep me there.

H Y M N CXXXIII.*

CHRIST the Foundation.

BEHOLD the sure Foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build *our* heavenly Hopes upon,
And *his* eternal Praise.

Chosen of God, to Sinners dear,
And Saints adore the Name;
They trust their whole Salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer Shame.

What tho' the Gates of Hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own Work, Almighty God,
And wond'rous in our Eyes.

H Y M N CXXXIV. C. M.

PROVIDENCE.

GOD moves in a mysterious Way
His Wonders to perform;
He plants his Footsteps in the Sea
And rides upon the Storm.

In deep unfathomable Mines
Of never-failing Skill
He treasures up his bright Designs,
And works his *Sav'ry* Will.

Ye fearful Saints, fresh Courage take,
The Clouds you so much dread
Are big with Mercy, and will break
With Blessings on your Head.

Judge not the LORD by feeble Sense,
But trust Him for his Grace :
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling Face.

His Purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry Hour ;
The Bud may have a bitter Taste,
But sweet will be the Flow'r.

H Y M N CXXXV. L. M.

INVITATION.

SINNERS obey the Gospel-Word,
Haste to the Supper of the LORD ;
Be wise to know this glorious Day,
All Things are ready, come away.

Ready the FATHER is to own, — *Luke 15. 20.*
And ki's his late returning SON :
Ready the Loving SAVIOUR stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding Hands.

Ready the SPIRIT of his Love,
The stony Heart to melt and move ;
T' apply and witness with the Blood,
And wash and seal you Sons of GOD.

Ready for you the Angels wait. — *Luke 15. 10.*
To triumph in your blest Estate :
Tuning their Harps they long to praise
The Wonders of *Redeeming Grace.*

Come then, ye Sinners to the LORD,
To Happiness in CHRIST restor'd :
The Blessings of his Love embrace,
The Plenitude of *Gospel Grace.*

H Y M N CXXXVI. 68.

The JUBILEE. Lev. 25.

BLOW ye the Trumpet, blow
The gladly-solemn Sound,
Let all the Nations know

To Earth's remotest Bound,
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return ye ransom'd Sinners home!

Extol the LAMB of GOD,
The Great atoning LAMB!
Redemption in his Blood,

Throughout the World proclaim:
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return ye ransom'd Sinners home!

Ye who have sold for Nought
Your Heritage above;
Shall have it back unbought

The Gift of Jesu's Love.
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return ye ransom'd Sinners home!

Ye Slaves of Sin and Hell,—2 Tim. 2. 26.
Your Liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell

And blest in Jesus live.
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return ye ransom'd Sinners home!

The Gospel-Trumpet hear:
The News of Heav'nly Grace,
Ye happy Souls draw near,

Behold your SAVIOUR'S Face,
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return to your eternal Home.

H Y M N CXXXVII. L. M.

The GOSPEL BANNER.

CAPTAIN of thine enlisted Host,
Display thy glorious Banner high ; *
The Summons send from Coast to Coast,
And call a num'rous Army nigh.

A solemn Jubilee proclaim,—*Lev. 25. 10.*
Proclaim the great Sabbath Day ;
Assert the Glories of thy Name,
Spoil Satan of his wish'd-for Prey !

Bid, bid thy Heralds publish loud
The peaceful Blessings of thy Reign ;
And when they speak of sprinkling Blood,
The Myst'ry to the Heart explain.

LORD shed thy Light, make plain the Way,
That leads to *Sion's* lofty Tow'r :
Pierc'd by thy Beams let Night be Day :
So shall we see and praise thy Pow'r !

H Y M N CXXXVIII. S. M.

MY SAVIOUR, Thou didst shed
Thy precious Blood for me ;
O dwell within my worthless Heart,
And let me live to Thee.

Thou callest me, O LORD,
To come to Thee and live ;
I therefore come with all my Sins,
I know Thou canst forgive.

My LORD and SAVIOUR dear!
 I long to see thy Face;
 To know Thee more and more by Faith,
 And daily grow in Grace.

And when this Life is o'er,
 O may I dwell with Thee,
 Still worshipping the blessed LAMB,
 Who liv'd and dy'd for me.

H Y M N CXXXIX. 87.

Before SERMON.

THANKS to GOD for ev'ry Servant,
 Messenger of Jesu's Grace!
 O how beautiful the Feet of—*Rom. 10. 15.*
 Him that brings good News of Peace
 LORD be with him, LORD be with him, &c.
 SON of GOD, thy People's Joy!

SAVIOUR, bless his Message to us,—*Jud. 3. 20.*
 Give us Hearts to hear the Sound
 Of Redemption, dearly purchas'd
 By thy Death and precious Wounds.
 O reveal it! O reveal it! &c.
 To our poor and helpless Souls!

Give Reward of Grace and Glory
 To thy faithful Labourer Dear,
 Let the Incense of our Hearts be
 Offer'd up in Faith and Pray'r.
 Bless, O bless him! bless, O bless Him, &c.
 Now, henceforth, for evermore.

H Y M N CXL. L. M.

The Same.

HO! every one that thirsts draw nigh,
('Tis God invites the fallen Race,)

Mercy and free Salvation buy,
Buy Wine, and Milk, and Gospel Grace.

Come, to the living Waters, come,
Sinners obey your MAKER'S Voice;

Return, ye weary Wand'ers, home,
And in Redeeming Love rejoice!

See, from the Rock a Fountain rise! †
For you in healing Streams it rolls:

Money ye need not bring, nor Price,
Ye lab'ring burthen'd, sin-sick Souls.

Nothing ye in Exchange shall give;
Leave all you have, and are, behind;

Frankly the Gift of God receive,
Pardon and Peace in Jesus find.

H Y M N CXLI. L. M.

Seeking CHRIST'S Presence.

BELOVED SAVIOUR, faithful Friend,
The Joy of all thy Cross's Train;

In Mercy to our Aid descend,
Or else we worship Thee in vain! †

In vain we meet to sing and pray,
If CHRIST his Influence withhold:

Our Hearts remain as cold as Clay,
Till we, our God, by Faith behold.

* Isa. 55. 1. † 1 Cor. 10. 4. ‡ Mat. 18. 20.

Then let us feel thy healing Beams,
 And view thy reconciled Face;
 Yea, prove thy Presence in these Means
 To bless a vile and helpless Race.
 Here manifest Thyself in Peace;
 Thy faithful Mercies now make known:
 Oh! breathe on us a Gale of Grace;
 And send the chearing Blessing down!
 We gladly for thy Coming wait,
 Seeking to know Thee as Thou art;
 We bow as Sinners at thy Feet,
 And bid Thee welcome to our Heart.

H Y M N CXLII. S. M.

The Sinner's Prayer.

DEAR LORD, attend our Pray'r,
 And all our Wants relieve;
 Come to our Hearts, and dwell Thou there,
 That Thou in us may'st live!—*Eph. 3. 17.*

In Weakness we draw nigh
 Unto the Throne of Grace;
 Answer a Sinner's mournful Cry,
 And fill us with thy Peace.

Thou read'st the naked Breast;
 For Liberty we groan;
 We sigh in Thee, our LORD, to rest,
 And worship Thee alone.

If Trials vex our Mind,
 Close to thy Wounds we'll flee;
 No Refuge may we elsewhere find,
 But what we find in Thee.

To Thee we come, our FRIEND,
As Sinners poor indeed;
On Thee for future Grace depend,
Our Help in ev'ry Need.

H Y M N CXLIII. 8 7 4.

INVITATION.

COME, ye Sinners, poor and wretched,
Bring your humble, grateful Lays;
Help to sing our Jesu's Merits,
Help to chaunt IMMANUEL's Praise:
Friend of Sinners!

Thee we laud for richest Grace,

O what Grace hast Thou vouchsafed!

O what Mercy hast Thou shown!

When, to die for vilest Rebels, — *Pf. 68. 18.*

Thou didst leave thy blisful Throne!

Bleeding SAVIOUR!

Melt, O melt our Hearts of Stone.

Come, ye Sinners, come to Jesus,

Think upon your Gracious LORD:

He has pity'd your Condition,

He has sent his Gospel-Word:

Mercy calls you;

Mercy flows from Jesu's Blood.

Dearest SAVIOUR, help thy Servant

To proclaim thy wondrous Love;

Pour thy Grace upon this People,

That thy Truth they may approve:

Bless, O bless them,

From thy shining Courts above.

Now thy gracious Word invites them
To partake the Gospel-Feast;
Let the SPIRIT sweetly draw them,
Ev'ry Soul be Jesu's Guest:
O receive us,
Let us find thy promis'd Rest.

H Y M N CXLIV. 6 8.

CHRIST the eternal KING.

REJOICE, the LORD is KING!--*Phil. 4. 4.*
Your LORD and KING adore,
Mortals give Thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore!
Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.

JESUS the SAVIOUR reigns,
The GOD of Truth and Love,
When He had purg'd our Stains,
He took his Seat above:
Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.

His Kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er Earth and Heav'n,
The Keys of Death and Hell
Are to our JESUS given:
Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.

He all his Foes shall quell,
Shall Satan's Works destroy,
And every Bosom swell
With pure Seraphic Joy;
Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.

Rejoice, in Glorious Hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come;
 To take his Servants up
 To their Eternal Home:
 We soon shall hear th' Archangel's Voice,
 The Trump of God shall sound *rejoice*.

H Y M N CXLV. C. M.

The LAMB is worthy.

COME, let us join our chearful Songs,
 With Angels round the Throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues,
 But all their Joys are one.

Worthy the LAMB that dy'd, they cry,
 To be exalted thus!

Worthy the LAMB, our Hearts reply,
 For He was slain for us!

Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and Pow'r divine:

And Blessings more than we can give,
 Be, LORD, for ever thine!

The whole Creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred Name

Of Him that sits upon the Throne,
 And to adore the LAMB.

H Y M N CXLVI. 8 8 6.

Delight in PUBLIC WORSHIP.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see,
 A whole Assembly worship Thee:
 Within thy Temple's Gate!

To see the Holy Tribes appear,
 And with the pious Race draw near
 Upon the LORD to wait.

Blest are the Souls who find a Place
 Among the Saints the Sons of Grace;
 Praise their glad Tongues employ!

Their GOD doth feed the hungry Poor
 With Bread, and makes their Cup run o'er,
 And fills their Heart with Joy.

Among them, LORD, I love t' appear
 And humbly bow, with filial Fear;

With great, yet sacred Joy:
 For in thy House, one Day has been,
 Better than Thousands spent in Sin,
 'Tis such divine Employ.

'Tis sweet, tho' I unworthy be
 To meet among thy Saints and Thee,
 O let me tho' with Shame,

Presume to mingle my Complaints
 With the Distresses of thy Saints,
 Thou Dear Long-suffering LAMB.

Now fill the hungry Souls with Food,
 Now satisfy their Mouths with Good;
 And grant a Crumb to me.

For this I'd say, if lost I were,
 I lov'd the Place and People where
 Thy Dwelling us'd to be.

But hear me, LORD! and bless me too,
 And grant with them that I may go;
 Give me the meanest Place;

And here I'll wait and worship still
 Below them all on Zion's Hill
 I'll bow before thy Face.

H Y M N CXLVII. L. M.

For a Blessing in PUBLIC WORSHIP.

THANKS to thy Name, O LORD that we
One glorious Sabbath more behold;
Dear *Shepherd* let us meet with Thee
Among thy Sheep in this thy Fold.

Now, LORD, among thy Tribes appear,
And let thy Presence fill the Throng;
Thy gracious Word let Sinners hear
And bid the feeble Heart be strong.

Gather the Lambs into Thine Arms,
And satisfy their ev'ry Want,
And those with Young defend from Harms,
And gently lead them lest they faint.

Dear tender-hearted *Shepherd* stay
Thy wand'ring Sheep and bring them back,
Oh! bring the wand'ring Home to Day
And save them for thy Mercy's Sake.

Let ev'ry Soul before Thee here
Thro' Thee the Door now enter in,
Find Pasture with our SAVIOUR Dear,
Sav'd from the Guilt and Pow'r of Sin.

H Y M N CXLVIII. 6 7 8.

E V E N I N G.

I WILL lay me down to sleep,—*Psa.* 3. 5.
And safely take my Rest;
Me commend to JESU's Grace,
And as upon his Breast;

So, if **JESUS** please, I'll sleep,
 While He vouchsafes to be my **Guard** :
 O, my *Shepherd* ! love and keep,
 And be my great **Reward** !

H Y M N CXLIX. 64.

To the **TRINITY**.

COME, Thou **Almighty KING**,*
 Help us thy **Name** to sing,
 Help us to praise !

Father, all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come, and reign over us,
ANTIENT of DAYS !

JESUS, our **LORD**, arise,
 Scatter our **Enemies**,
 And make them fall !

Let thine **Almighty Aid**
 Our sure **Defence** be made, — *Psa. 18. 2.*
 Our **Souls** on Thee be stay'd,

LORD, hear our **Call** !

Come, Holy **COMFORTER**, — *John 14. 16.*
 Thy sacred **Witness** bear — *John 16. 14.*
 In this glad **Hour** !

Thou, who **Almighty art**,
 Now rule in ev'ry **Heart**,
 And ne'er from us depart,
SPIRIT of Pow'r !

To the **GREAT ONE in THREE**
 Eternal **Praises** be
 Hence evermore !

* *Rev. 19. 6.* M

HIS SOV'REIGN MAJESTY

May we in Glory see,
And to Eternity
Love and adore!

Short HYMNS to precede the SERMON.

HYMN CL. C. M.

BELOVED SAVIOUR, Prince of Life,
To us thy Spirit give;—*Luke 11. 13.*
We long to hear that cheering Voice
Which bids poor Sinners live!

O Thou, who lovest Babes to teach,
Reveal to us thy Will;
And whilst we wait on Thee by Faith,*
Thy Work in us fulfil.

HYMN CLI. 7s.

SOURCE of Light and Pow'r divine,
Deign upon thy Truth to shine.
LORD, behold thy Servant stands;
Lo! to Thee he lifts his Hands:
Satisfy his Soul's Desire;
Touch his Lip with holy Fire.—*Isa. 6. 7.*

HYMN CLII.

COME, Thou INCARNATE WORD,†
Gird on thy mighty Sword,—*Psa. 45. 3.*
Our Pray'rs attend!

Come! and thy People bless,
And give thy Word Success,
Spirit of Holiness
On us descend!

* *Gal. 5. 5.* † *John 1. 14.*

H Y M N CLIII. 105.

O JESU, we pray, be with us To-day,
Thy Blessing bestow, (flow!
And make all our Hearts with pure Joy over-

A right simple Heart to each one impart;
And a list'ning Ear;—*Prov. 20. 12.*
Which may thy *still small Voice* attentively hear!

We earnestly crave a Blessing to have,
That we may rejoice,
And bless Thee and praise Thee with Heart
(and with Voice!

H Y M N CLIV.

BLESSED LORD be Thou our Teacher,*
Helper, Counsellor, and Guide;
Speak the Promise through the Preacher,
And the hearing Ear provide.

Vain is Learning, Parts, or Merit,
Vain the native Pow'rs of Man.

JESUS! send thy HOLY SPIRIT,
And enforce the Gospel-Plan.

H Y M N CLV.

THOU who for Sinners once wast slain,
Once dead, but now alive again;
Give us to know, to taste, to prove,
The Pow'r and Sweetness of thy Love.

Give us to feel our Sins forgiv'n,
And know that we are Heirs of Heav'n;
Sprinkle each Conscience with thy Blood,
And fill us with the Love of God.

H Y M N CLVI.

COME, guilty Souls, and flee away,
 Like Doves to Jasp's Wounds,
 This is the welcome Gospel-Day,
 Wherein free Grace abounds.

God lov'd the World, and gave his Son
 To drink the Cup of Wrath :
 And Jesus says he'll cast out none
 That come to him by Faith.

H Y M N CLVII.

TOUCH with a living Coal the Lip
 That shall proclaim thy Word,
 And bid each awful Hearer keep
 Attention to the LORD.

H Y M N CLVIII.

GREAT God, thy sovereign Aid impart,
 To give thy Word Success :
 Write thy Salvation on our Hearts,
 And make us learn thy Grace.

Shew our forgetful Feet the Way
 That leads to Joys on High,
 Where Knowledge grows without Decay,
 And Love shall never die.

H Y M N CLIX.

FATHER of Earth and Heav'n,
 Thy waiting People Feed :
 Thy Grace be to our Spirits giv'n,
 That true, immortal Bread !

O fill our Mouths with Praise,
 And give us now to prove
 The Sweetness of thy pard'ning Grace,
 The Manna of thy Love.

H Y M N CLX.

ZION, arise, thy Garments shake,
Of thy Dear SAVIOUR'S Worth partake;
Oh! call his Blessings down!
Thy Wants are great—but Jesus dy'd,
He loves to see them well supply'd,
He makes thy Case his own.

Strangers in Heart we lately were,—*Eph. 2, 12.*
Till our REDEEMER brought us near
By his attracting Power;
Break out all ye in Songs aloud,
Who feel Redemption through his Blood,
And our HIGH PRIEST adore.

O JESUS, LORD, we humbly pray,
Be gracious to our Souls To-day,
Thy saving Health impart!
The Dew of Heav'n on us distil,
With Love each empty Vessel fill,
And cheer the drooping Heart!

H Y M N CLXI. C. M.

SALVATION.

SALVATION! O the joyful Sound!
What Pleasure to our Ears!
A sovereign Balm for ev'ry Wound,*
A Cordial for our Fears,
Glory, Honour, Praise and Power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
JESUS CHRIST is our REDEEMER:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise the LORD.

Salvation ! let the Echo fly
The spacious Earth around ;
While all the Armies of the Sky
Conspire to raise the Sound !
Glory, Honour, Praise and Power, &c.

Salvation ! O Thou bleeding LAMB,
To Thee the Praise belongs ;
Salvation shall inspire our Hearts,
And dwell upon our Tongues.
Glory, Honour, Praise and Power, &c.

H Y M N CLXII. C. M.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

SING to the LORD, JEHOVAH's Name,
And in his Strength rejoice ;
When his Salvation is our Theme,
Exalted be our Voice.

With Thanks approach his awful Sight,
And Psalms of Honour sing ;
The LORD's a God of boundless Might,
The whole Creation's KING.

Come, and with humble Souls adore,
Come kneel before his Face ;
O may the Creatures of his Pow'r,
Be Children of his Grace.

H Y M N CLXIII. 8 bars 12.

INVITATION.

COME, ye Sinners, poor and wretched,
God's free Bounty glorify !
True Belief, and true Repentance,
Ev'ry Grace that brings us nigh,

Without Money, without Money, without
(Money,*

Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

Let not Conscience make you linger;

Nor of Fitness fondly dream,

All the Fitness He requireth

Is, to feel your Want of Him;

This He gives you, this He gives you, this He

'Tis the SPIRIT's rising Beam. (gives you,

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,—*Mat. 11. 28.*

Loft and ruin'd by the fall;

If you tarry 'till you're better,

You will never come at all.

Not the Righteous, not the Righteous, not the

Sinners Jesus came to call. (Righteous;

View Him grov'ling in the Garden;

Lo! your MAKER prostrate lies,

On the bloody Tree behold Him:

Hear Him cry, before He dies;

"It is finish'd; it is finish'd; it is finish'd."

Sinner, will not this suffice?—*John 19. 30.*

Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,

Pleads the Merits of his Blood.—*Eph. 4. 8.*

Venture on Him, venture wholly;

Let no other Trust intrude.

None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but

Can do helpless Sinners good. (JESUS,

Saints and Angels join'd in Concert,

Sing the Praises of the LAMB;

While the blissful Seats of Heaven

Sweetly Echo with his Name.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Sinners here may sing the same.

* *I/a. 55. 1.*

H Y M N CLXIV. S. M.
Thanksgiving for the Gospel.

O JESU, our LORD,
Thy Name be ador'd,
For all the rich Blessings convey'd thro' thy
In Spirit we trace [Word!
Thy Wonders of Grace,
And chearfully join in a Concert of Praise.
The Trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad
The Language of Mercy—Salvation through
(Blood.
Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And share in the Blessings of this Gospel-Day.

The People who know
The SAVIOUR below,
With burning Affection to worship Him glow.

The People are blest
Who lean on his Breast,
And have a rich Foretaste of his promis'd Rest.

This Blessing is mine
Through Favour divine;
But, O my REDEEMER, the Glory be Thine!

The Work is of Grace;
Thine, Thine be the Praise!
And mine to adore Thee, and tell of thy Ways.

H Y M N CLXV. C. M.

CHRIST'S Hand the Believer's safety.

John 10. 28, 29.

FIRM as the Earth thy Gospel stands,
 My LORD, my Hope, my Trust :
 If I am found in JESU'S Hands,
 My Soul can ne'er be lost.
 His Honour is engag'd to save
 The meanest of his Sheep ;
 All that his Heav'nly FATHER gave
 His Hands securely keep.
 Nor Death nor Hell shall e'er remove,
 His Fav'rites from his Breast ;
 In the dear Bosom of his Love
 They *must* for ever rest.

H Y M N CLXVI. S. M.

CHRIST unseen, yet beloved, i Pet. 1. 8.

NOT with our mortal Eyes
 Have we beheld the LORD,
 Yet we rejoice to hear his Name,
 And love Him in his Word.
 On Earth we want the Sight
 Of our REDEEMER'S Face,
 Yet, LORD, our inmost Thoughts delight
 To dwell upon thy Grace.
 And when we taste thy Love,
 Our Joys divinely grow
 Unspeakable, like those above,
 And Heav'n begins below.

H Y M N CLXVII. C. M. H

The Covenant.

OUR God, how firm his Promise stands?
 Ev'n when he hides his Face;
 He trusts in our REDEEMER'S Hands,
 His Glory, and his Grace!
 Then, why, my Soul, these sad Complaints,
 Since CHRIST and thou art one?
 Thy God is faithful to his Saints,
 Is faithful to his SON.

Beneath his Smiles my Heart has liv'd,
 And part of Heav'n possess'd;
 I praise his Name for Grace receiv'd,
 And trust Him for the rest.

H Y M N CLXVIII. 886.

Lamenting a hard Heart.

WHAT ails this wretched Heart of Stone
 That will not let me make my Moan
 For Sin, nor love my God!
 Come, LORD, this stupid Frame destroy,
 And fill my Soul with Heav'nly Joy,
 And wash me in thy Blood.

Now, LORD, the dreadful Vell remove
 And shine with thy forgiving Love
 Into my darksome Breast:
 Now loose my stammering Tongue to sing
 Thy Heav'nly Love, my God, my KING,
 And taste thy People's Rest.

H Y M N CLXIX. C. M.

Passing thro' Tribulation.

IN ev'ry Trouble sharp and strong,
True Faith to Jesus flies;
Its Anchor-hold is firm in Him,
When swelling Billows rise.

His Comforts bear our Spirits up
We'd trust a faithful God,
The sure Foundation of our Hope,
Is in a SAVIOUR'S Blood.

Loud Hallelujahs sing my Soul
To thy REDEEMER'S Name;
In Joy, in Sorrow, Life and Death,
His Love is still the same.

H Y M N CLXX. C. M.

Catholic Love.

BLEST be the dear uniting Grace
That will not let us part;
Our Forms may differ, so our Place,
We still are join'd in Heart.

Join'd in one Spirit to our HEAD,
Where He appoints we go;
And still in Jesu's Footsteps tread,
And do his Work below.

O let us ever walk in Him,
And Nothing know beside!
Nothing desire nor ought esteem
But Jesus crucify'd. — 1 Cor. 2. 2.

Cloſer and cloſer let us cleave
 To his beloy'd Embrace :
 Out of his Fulneſs ſtill receive,
 And plenteous Grace for Grace.

H Y M N CLXXI. S. M.

Pſalm 103.

MY Soul repeat his Praise,
 Whoſe Mercies are ſo great :
 Whoſe Anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,
 So ready to abate.

High as the Heav'ns are raiſed
 Above the Ground we tread ;
 So far the Riches of his Grace ;
 Our higheſt Thoughts exceed.

The Pity of the Lord,
 To thoſe that fear his Name,
 Is ſuch as tender Parents feel ;
 He knows our feeble Frame.

Our Days are as the Graſs, — *Pſa. 90. 5.*
 Or like the Morning Flow'r ;
 If one ſharp Blaſt ſweep o'er the Field
 It withers in an Hour.

But thy Compaffions, Lord,
 To endless Years endure ;
 And Children's Children ever find — *Ex. 20. 6.*
 Thy Word of Promise ſure.

H Y M N CLXXII. 104th.

Pf. 93, Thanksgiving.

YE Servants of God, your MASTER pro-
(claim,

And publish abroad his wonderful Name;*
The Name all victorious of JESUS extol;
His Kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

GOD ruleth on high, Almighty to save;
And still He is high, his Presence we have:
The great Congregation his Triumph shall sing,
Ascribing Salvation to JESUS our KING.

Salvation to GOD, who sits on the Throne;
Let all cry aloud, and honour the SON;
Our JESUS's Praises the Angels proclaim,
Fall down on their Faces, and worship the
(LAMB.

Then let us adore and give Him his Right,
All Glory and Power, and Wisdom and Might;
All Honour and Blessings, with Angels above,
And Thanks never ceasing, and infinite Love.

H Y M N CLXXIII. C. M.

At Parting.

THROUGH CHRIST when we together
In Singleness of Heart, (came,
We met, O JESU, in thy Name,
And in thy Name we part.

O! may the SPIRIT, Dearest LORD,
In all our Travels, still
Direct, and be our constant Guard,
To Zion's Holy Hill.

• Isa. 9. 6.

O, what a joyful Meeting there,
Beyond these changing Shades !
White are the Robes we all shall wear,
And Crowns adorn our Heads.

Haste, LORD, and bring us to the Day
When we shall dwell at Home :
Come, O REDEEMER, come away ;
O, JESUS, quickly come.

H Y M N CLXXIV. S. M.

CHRIST'S Commission.

RAISE your triumphant Songs
To an immortal Time ;
Let the wide Earth resound the Deeds
Celestial Grace has done.

Sing how eternal Love
Its Chief BELOVED chose,
And bid Him raise our wretched Race
From their Abyss of Woes.

His Hand no Thunder bears,
No Terror cloaths his Brow ;
No Bolts to drive our guilty Souls
To fiercer Flames below.

'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,
And Wrath stood silent by,
When CHRIST was sent with Pardons down
To Rebels doom'd to die.

Now, Sinners, dry your Tears,
Let hopeless Sorrow cease,
Bow to the Sceptre of his Love,
And take the offer'd Peace.

[1252]

May we obey the Call
And lay an humble Claim
To the Salvation He hath brought,
And love and praise his Name!

H Y M N CLXXV. C. M.

INVITATION.

SINNERS attend, attend, I pray,
And hear the Gospel Word;
Regard your Visitation Day,
And bow before the LORD.

He calls unto the Sons of Men,
His boundless Grace to prove;
That they in seeking may attain
Repentance, Faith, and Love.

His Arms are open to receive
Whoever to Him flies;
Pardon and *present* Peace to give,
And Love that never dies.

JESUS, our PROPHET, PRIEST, and KING,
Thou Friend of Sinners, come;
Descend, Kind COMFORTER, and bring
The great Salvation down.

H Y M N CLXXVI. C. M.

Free Grace.

FREE-GRACE to ev'ry Heav'n-born Soul,
Will be their constant Theme;
Long as eternal Ages roll,
They'll still adore the *LAMB*.

Free-Grace alone can wipe the Tears
From our lamenting Eyes;
Can raise our Souls from guilty Fears
To Joy that never dies.

Free-Grace can Death itself out-brave
And take it's Sting away;
Can Souls unto the utmost save,
And them to Heav'n convey.

Our SAVIOUR by *Free-Grace* alone
His Building shall complete;
With Shouting bring forth the Head-stone,
Crying, *Grace, Grace* to it.

May I be found a *Living Stone*
In *Salem's* Streets above,
And help to sing before the Throne,
Free-Grace and *Dying Love*.

H Y M N CLXXVII. 83.

DESERTION.

AWAY my unbelieving Fear!
Fear shall in me no more take Place;
My SAVIOUR doth not yet appear,
He hides the Brightness of his Face: *
But shall I therefore let Him go,
And basely to the Tempter yield?
No, in the Strength of Jesus, no!
I never will give up my Shield.

Altho' the Vine it's Fruit deny, — *Hab. 3. 13.*
Altho' the Olive yield no Oil,
The with'ring Fig-Tree droop and die,
The Field illude the Tillor's Toil;

* *Is. 8. 17.*

The empty Stall no Herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating Race;
 Yet will I triumph in the LORD,
 The GOD of my Salvation praise.

Barren altho' my Soul remain,
 And not one Bud of Grace appear,
 No Fruit of all my Toil and Pain,
 But Sin and only Sin is here;
 Altho' my Gifts and Comfort lost,
 My blooming Hopes cut off I see,
 Yet will I in my SAVIOUR trust,
 And Glory, that He died for me.

In Hope believing against Hope, — *Rom. 4. 18.*
 JESUS my LORD and GOD I claim,
 JESUS my Strength shall lift me up,
 Salvation is in JESU'S Name:
 To me He soon shall bring it nigh,
 My Soul shall then outstrip the Wind,
 On Wings of Love mount up on high,
 And leave the World and Sin behind.

: H Y M N CLXXVIII. 818 6.

The Second Advent.

OH! when my Righteous JUDGE shall come,
 To fetch his ransom'd People Home,
 Shall I among them stand!
 Shall such a worthless Worm as I,
 So sinful and unfit to die,
 Be found at thy Right Hand?
 I love to meet among them now,
 Before JEHOVAH'S Feet to bow,
 Tho' viler than them all;

But who can bear the piercing Thought?
 What if my Name should be left out
 When He for them shall call!

Dear LORD prevent it by thy Grace,
 Oh! let me see thy smiling Face!

In this my gracious Day:
 Thy pard'ning Voice, LORD! let me hear
 To still my unbelieving Fear,
 Nor let me fall away!

Among thy Saints may I be found
 Whene'er th' *Archangel's* Trump shall sound
 Thine Adv'nt from above:
 Then loudest of the Croud I'll sing,
 Till Heav'n's resounding Mansions ring
 The Riches of thy Love.

H Y M N CLXXIX. S. M.

Funeral Hymn.

THE Spirits of the Just,
 Confin'd in Bodies, groan;
 Till Death consigns the Corpse to Dust,
 And then the Conflict's done.

JESUS, who came to save,
 The LAMB for Sinners slain,
 Perfum'd the Chambers of the Grave,
 And made ev'n Death our Gain.

Why fear we then to trust
 The Place where Jesus lay?
 In Quiet rests our Brother's Dust:
 And thus it seems to say:

“ Forbear, my Friends, to weep ;
 “ Since Death has lost its Sting ;
 “ Those Christians, that in Jesus sleep,
 “ Our God will with Him bring.”

H Y M N CLXXX. C. M.

The same.

WHY do we mourn departing Friends,
 Or shake at Death's Alarms ?
 'Tis but the Voice that Jesus sends
 To call them to his Arms.

Are we not tending upward too,
 As fast as Time can move ?
 Why should we wish the Hours more slow
 That keep us from our Love ?

Why should we tremble to convey
 Their Bodies to the Tomb ?
 There the dear Flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a sweet Perfume !

The Grave of all his Saints He blest,
 And soften'd every Bed ;
 Where should the dying Members rest,
 But with their dying HEAD ?

Thence He arose, ascending high,
 And shew'd our Feet the Way ;
 Up to the LORD our Flesh shall fly
 At the great rising Day.

Then let us, who in CHRIST believe,
 With Saints and Angels join ;
 Glory, and Praise, and Blessing give,
 And Thanks to Grace divine.

H Y M N CLXXXI. 8s.

The heavenly Pursuit.

STRANGERS and Sojourners below,
We travel through this Wilderness;
Seeking the promis'd Rest to know

In CHRIST the Fountain of true Bliss;
We seek a Place beyond the Skies,
An everlasting Paradise.

In this Pursuit we stand in need

Of daily fresh Supplies of Grace;

Our Souls with Manna CHRIST must feed,

While we his leading Footsteps trace:

So shall each Pilgrim gladly move—*Heb. 11. 13.*

Onward unto his Home above.

No earthly Bliss is worth our Stay,

Or struggle for another Breath;

These Comforts vanish and decay,

And yield no solid Joy in Death;

While others vain Delights pursue,

We taste God's Love for ever new.—*Rom. 5. 5.*

His Cross inflicts the deadly Blow,

And crucifies each rebel Sin;

Peace, Love, and Joy, hence richly flow,

And cause sweet Melody within;

Dependent on the God of Pow'r,

We glory in a full ring Hour.

The new *Jerusalem* appears,

Her Citizens resplendent shine,—*Rev. 7. 9.*

For God hath wip'd away their Tears,

And fill'd them with the Life divine;

With them we shall his Glory see,

And praise Him thro' Eternity.

H Y M N CLXXXII. C. M.

SUBMISSION.

NAKED as from the Earth we came
And crept to Life at first,
We to the Earth return again,
And mingle with our Dust.

The dear Delights we here enjoy
And fondly call our own,
Are but short Favors borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

'Tis God that lifts our Comforts high
Or sinks them to the Grave,
He gives, and (blessed be his Name !)
He takes but what He gave.

Peace all our angry Passions then,
Let each rebellious Sigh
Be silent at his *Sou'reign* Will,
And ev'ry Murmur die.

If smiling Mercy crown our Lives,
Its Praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the Justice too
That strikes our Comforts dead.

H Y M N CLXXXIII. S. M.

O Patient spotless LAMB,
My Heart in Patience keep,
To bear the Cross so easy made,
By wounding Thine so deep.

Bring me, my SHEPHERD, where
Thy choicest Flocks abide.
From wand'ring save my foolish Heart,
And keep it near thy Side.

My FRIEND Thou hast enough
My Misery to relieve
Tho' Sin and Guilt oppress me sore,
The Balm is Thine to give.

Do Thou, O LORD, unite
My Heart most firm to Thee,
In ev'ry Place, in ev'ry Hour
My CHRIST is All to me.

H Y M N CLXXXIV. 886.

Salvation finished.

'TIS finish'd," the REDEEMER said,
And meekly bow'd his dying Head;
Whilst we this Sentence scan,
Come Sinners, and mark well the Word;
There view the Conquests of our LORD,
Complete for helpless Man.

Finish'd the Righteousness of Grace,
Finish'd the Pain that brought our Peace;
The Sinner's Debt is paid:
Accusing Law, cancell'd by Blood,
And Wrath of an offended God
In sweet Oblivion laid.—Jer. 31. 34.

Who now shall urge a second Claim?
The Law no longer can condemn,
Faith a Release can shew:—Rom. 8. 34.

Justice itself a Friend appears,
The Prison-House a Whisper hears,
Loose him, and let him go. — John 11, 44.

O Unbelief, injurious Bar !
Source of tormenting fruitless Fear,
Why dost thou yet reply ?
Where'er thy loud Objections fall,
'Tis finish'd, still may answer all,
And silence ev'ry Cry.

H Y M N CLXXXV. O. M.

Patience of God.

AND are we Wretches yet alive ?
And do we yet rebel ?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing Love,
That bears us up from Hell.
The Burden of our weighty Guilt
Would sink us down to Flames,
And threat'ning Vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble Frames.
Almighty Goodness cries, forbear,
And strait the Thunder stays :
And dare we now provoke his Wrath,
And weary out his Grace ?
LORD, we have long abus'd thy Love,
Too long indulg'd our Sin ;
Oh that our Hearts may bleed to see
What Rebels we have been !
No more, our Lusts, may ye command,
No more may we obey !
Stretch out, O God, thy conquering Hand,
And drive these Foes away.

H Y M N CLXXXVI. 6. 8.

NEW YEAR.

THE LORD of Earth and Sky,
 The God of Ages praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
ANCIENT of endless Days;
 Who lengthens out our Trial here,
 And spares us yet *another Year*.

Barren and wither'd Trees,
 We cumber'd long the Ground,
 No Fruit of Holiness
 On our dead Souls was found;
 Yet doth He us in Mercy spare,
 Another, and *another Year*.

When Justice bar'd the Sword
 To cut the Fig-Tree down,
 The Pity of our LORD,
 Cry'd, let it still alone.
 The **F**ATHER mild inclines his Ear,
 And spares us yet *another Year*.

JESUS, thy Speaking Blood
 From GOD obtain'd the Grace,
 Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a longer Space:
 Thou didst in our Behalf appear,
 And lo, we see *another Year*!

Then dig about our Root,
 Break up our fallow Ground,—*Jer. 4. 3.*
 And let some gracious Fruit
 To thy great Praise abound;
 O let us all thy Praise declare,
 And Fruit unto thy Glory bear!

HYMN CLXXXVII. C.M.

Mercy's Feast.

YE wretched, hungry, starving Poor,
Behold a Royal Feast!
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous Store
For every welcome Guest.

See, Jesus stands with open Arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and Fear alarms;
But see, *there yet is Room.*—*Luke 14. 22.*

Room in the SAVIOUR'S bleeding Heart,
Where Love and Pity meet;
He'll never bid the Soul depart,
That trembles at his Feet.

In Him the FATHER, reconcil'd,
Invites the Souls to come;
The Rebel shall be call'd a Child,
And kindly welcom'd Home.

O come, and with his Children taste
The Blessings of his Love;
While Hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler Joys above.

There, with united Heart and Voice,
Before th' Eternal Throne,
Ten thousand, thousand Souls rejoice,
In Extasies unknown.

Ten thousand Times, ten thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing Souls the Grace adore;
Approach, *there yet is Room.*

HYMN CLXXXVIII. C. M.

The Fountain opened.

THERE is a Fountain fill'd with Blood,
 Drawn from IMMANUEL'S Veins;
 And Sinners plung'd beneath that Flood,
 Lose all their guilty Stains.

The dying Thief rejoic'd to see
 That Fountain in his Day,
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Wash'd all my Sins away.

Dear dying LAMB, thy precious Blood,
 Shall never lose its Pow'r,
 'Till all the ransom'd Church of God,
 Be sav'd to sin no more.

E'er since by Faith I saw the Stream,
 Thy flowing Wounds supply,
 Redeeming Love has been my Theme,
 And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler sweeter Song,
 I'll sing thy Pow'r to save,
 When this poor lisping stammering Tongue
 Arises from the Grave.

LORD I believe Thou hast prepar'd
 (Unworthy tho' I be)
 For me a gracious free Reward,
 A golden Harp for me—Rev. 5. 8.

'Tis strung and tun'd for endless Years,
 And form'd by Pow'r divine,
 To sound in GOD the FATHER'S Ears,
 No other Name but Thine.

HYMN CLXXXIX. 104th.

All hail Holy Jesus!

O UR Shepherd alone,*

The LORD let us bless,

Who reigns on the Throne

The Prince of our Peace;†

Who evermore saves us

By shedding his Blood;

All hail, holy Jesus,

Our LORD and our GOD!

We daily will sing,

Thy Merits, thy Praise,

Thou merciful Spring

Of Pity and Grace:

Thy Kindness for ever

To Men we will tell;

And say, our dear SAVIOUR

Redeems us from Hell,

Preserve us in Love,

While here we abide;

Nor ever remove,

Nor cover, nor hide

Thy glorious Salvation,

'Till joyful we see

The beautiful Vision

Completed in Thee.

* Ps. 23. † Ex. 24. 23, 24.

H Y M N CXC. L. M.

The Joyful Day.

LONG did I seek with troubled Mind,
A thousand Ways, the Lord to find;
At length I came to *Calvary*,
And found Him bleeding there for me.

O precious Blood ! O Blood divine !
Which, by *God's* Gift, is freely mine !
By Faith receiv'd, O joyful Day !
It took my *Guilt* and Fears away.

H Y M N CXCI. 8 7.

The Efficacy of CHRIST's Blood.

NOTHING, but thy Blood, O Jesus,
Can relieve us from our Smart;
Nothing else from *Guilt* release us;
Nothing else can melt the Heart.

Law and Terrors do but harden, — *Rom. 4. 15.*
All the while they work alone;
But a deep-felt Sense of Pardon
Soon dissolves a Heart of Stone.

Jesus, all our Consolations
Flow from *THEE* the SOV'REIGN GOOD.
Love, and Faith, and Hope, and Patience,
Peace and Pardon thro' thy Blood.

From thy Fulness we receive them;
We have Nothing of our own;
Freely Thou delight'st to give them;
To the Needy, who have none.

Teach us, by thy patient SPIRIT,
 How to mourn, and not despair.
 May we, leaning on thy Merit,
 Wrestle hard with God in Pray'r.
 Whatso'er Afflictions seize us,
 They shall profit, if not please: — *Rom. 8. 28.*
 But defend, defend us, Jesus,
 From a careless, carnal Ease.

H Y M N CXII. 7s.

The Christian Triumph.

SONS of God, triumphant rise,
 Shout th' accomplish'd Sacrifice;
 Shout your Sins in CHRIST forgiv'n,
 Sons of God, and Heirs of Heav'n.

Saints that now to CHRIST belong,
 Lift'ning Angels join the Song;
 Sing with us, ye Heav'nly Powers,
 Pardon, Grace and Glory ours!

Love's mysterious Work is done;
 Greet we now th' atoning SON,
 Heal'd and quicken'd by his Blood,
 Join'd to CHRIST and one with God.*

CHRIST, of all our Hopes the Seal,
 Peace Divine in CHRIST we feel,
 Pardon to our Souls applied,
 Dead for you, for me He died.

CHRIST by Faith we taste below,
 Mightier Joys ordain'd to know,
 When his utmost Grace we prove,
 And rise to Heav'n in perfect Love.

* *Rom. 8. 17.*

H Y M N · CXCHI. 886.

LORD'S DAY.

WELCOME blest Day of sweet Repose,
Whereon the Son of God arose,
And chac'd away our Fear;—*Mark* 16. 6.
The Day that God hath let apart,
To gladden every troubled Heart:
And dry up every Tear.—*Rev.* 1. 10.

Welcome blest Day of solemn Joy,
And Pleasure that can never cloy,
Eternal Life begun:
Let all in Earth and Heav'n record,
The Glories of their risen Lord;
The Wonders He hath done!

This is the Day the Lord hath made,
Rejoice and be exceeding glad,†
Ye dear peculiar Race;
Exalt Him with a Heart sincere,
His boundless Power and Sway revere,
And triumph in his Grace.

Your every Action, Word and Thought,
Your Life, your All, to Him devote,
Who bought you with his Blood;
Let Him your great Exemplar be,
And loudly shout, 'tis He! 'tis He! —
Redeem'd us unto God!—*Rev.* 5. 9.

Hallelujah.

H Y M N CXCIV. 8 7.

IMMANUEL's Praise,

HAIL Thou once despised Jesus! *

Hail Thou Galilean King,

Who didst suffer to release us,

Who didst free Salvation bring;

Hail Thou precious precious SAVIOUR,

Who hast borne our Sin and Shame;

By whose Merit we find Favour,

Life is given thro' thy Name!

Paschal LAMB, by God appointed, — 1 Cor. 5. 7.

All our Sins were on Thee laid;

By Almighty Love appointed,

Thou hast full Atonement made,

Ev'ry Sin may be forgiven,

Through the Virtue of thy Blood!

Open'd is the Gate of Heaven, — Mic. 2. 13.

Peace is made 'twixt Man and God,

Jesus hail! enthron'd in Glory,

There for ever to abide,

All the heav'nly Hosts adore Thee,

Seated at thy FATHER's Side:

There for Sinners Thou art pleading,

" Spare them yet another Year ; "

Thou for Saints art interceding,

Till in Glory they appear.

Worship, Honour, Pow'r and Blessing,

CHRIST is worthy to receive,

Loudest Praises, without ceasing,

Meet it is for us to give:

Help, ye bright Angelic Spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest Lays :
 Help to sing our Jesu's Merits,
 Help to chaunt IMMANUEL's Praise !

H Y M N CXCV. 6 7 8.

The Friend of Sinners.

GOD of my Salvation hear,
 And help me to believe ;
 Simply do I now draw near,
 Thy Blessing to receive ;
 Full of Guilt alas ! I am ;
 But to thy Wounds for Refuge flee :
 Friend of Sinners, spotless LAMB,
 Thy Blood was shed for me !

Nothing have I, LORD, to pay,
 Nor can thy Grace procure ;
 Empty send me not away,
 For I, Thou know'st, am poor ;
 Dust and Ashes is my Name,
 My all is Sin and Misery ;
 Friend of Sinners, spotless LAMB,
 Thy Blood was shed for me.

Without Money, without Price,
 I come thy Love to buy ;
 From myself I turn my Eyes
 The chief of Sinners I.
 Take, O take me as I am,
 And let me lose myself in Thee :
 Friend of Sinners, spotless LAMB,
 Thy Blood was shed for me.

H Y M N CXCVI. Lt. M.

To the TRINITY.

O FATHER of Heaven ! be ever ador'd :
Thy Mercy we find in sending our Lord
To ransom and bless us ; thy Goodness we praise
For sending in Jesus, Salvation by Grace.

O SON of his Love ! who deign'dst to die,
Our Curse to remove, our Persons to buy ;
Accept our Thanksgiving, Almighty to save,
Who openest Heaven to all that believe.

O SPIRIT of Love, of Health, and of Pow'r !
Thy Working we prove, thy Grace we adore ;
Whose inward revealing applies our Lord's
(Blood,

*Attesting and sealing us Children of God.**

H Y M N CXCVII. L. M.

Love immense, unsearchable.

O Come, Thou wounded LAMB of God !
Come wash us in thy cleansing Blood ;
Give us to know thy Love, then Pain
Is sweet, and Life or Death is Gain. §

Take our poor Hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but Thee ;
Seal Thou our Breasts and let us wear
That Pledge of Love for ever there ! ||

How can it be, Thou Heav'nly King,
That thou shouldst Man to Glory bring ?
Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading Crown !

• Eph. 1. 13. † Rev. 1. 9. § Phil. 2. 1.

|| Eph. 4. 30.

O LORD, enlarge our scanty Thought,
To know the Wonders Thou hast wrought :
Unloose our stamm'ring Tongues to tell *
Thy Love immense, unsearchable !
First-born of many Brethren, Thou, †
To Thee both Earth and Heav'n must bow ;
Help us to Thee our All to give,
Thine may we die, Thine may we live !

H Y M N CXCVIII. C. M.

Constraining Love. 2 Cor. 5. 14.

MY blessed SAVIOUR, is thy Love
So great, so full, so free !
Oh let me give my Love, my Heart,
My Life, my All to Thee !

I love Thee for that glorious Worth
In thy Great Self I see :

I love Thee for that shameful Cross
Thou hast endur'd for me.

No Man of greater Love can boast—*Rom. 5. 8.*

Than for his FRIEND to die :

But for thy Foes, LORD, Thou wast slain ;

What Love with Thine can vie ?

Tho' in the very Form of God,—*Col. 2. 9.*

With Heavenly Glory crown'd,

Thou wouldst partake of human Flesh,

Beset with Troubles round.

Like Thee in Faith, in Meekness, Love,

In ev'ry beauteous Grace ;

From Glory into Glory chang'd,—*2 Cor. 3. 18.*

May we behold thy Face !

* *Isa. 32. 4.* † *Rom. 8. 29.*

H Y M N CXCIX.

95.

Myſterious Love.

O H ! how glorious is that Myſtery,
 Into which the Angels look and pry !
 Who can tell the Heighth and Depth,
 Know the utmoſt Length and Breadth,
 Of that Love which forc'd the LAMB to die ?
 We are Learners in the School of Grace ;
 Taſting Mercy, and intreating Peace ;
 Though 'tis little that we know
 Of the SAVIOUR here below,
 Yet we ſoon ſhall ſee Him Face to Face.
 Oh ! what Raptures then ſhall fill each Tongue,
 When our Hearts with Gladneſs join in one,
 To ſing Glory to the Name
 Of the worthy ſlaughter'd LAMB !
 And his Grace with Thankfulneſs to own !
 Then the SAVIOUR ſhall Himſelf diſplay,
 And his Perſon ſhall ſuch Pow'r convey,
 That our poor Souls muſt leave their Dregs,
 Purg'd by Virtue of his Croſs,
 And ſpring forth into Eternal Day.

H Y M N CC.

89.

To God incarnate.

JESUS, we claim Thee for our own :
 Our Kinsman, near ally'd in Blood :
 Fleſh of our Fleſh, Bone of our Bone,
 The SON of Man, the SON of God :
 Low we lie before thy Feet,
 Our Sentence from thy Mouth to meet.

Partaker of our Flesh below,
 To Thee, O Jesus, we apply;
 Thou wilt thy poor Relations know,
 Thou never can'st Thyself deny,*
 Exclude us from thy guardian Care,
 Or slight a sinful Beggar's Pray'r!

Thee, SAVIOUR, in our greatest Need,
 We trust our greatest FRIEND to prove;
 Now o'er thy meanest Servant spread,
 The Skirt of thy Redeeming Love,†
 Under thy Wings protecting take,
 And save us for thy Mercies' Sake.

Hast Thou not undertook our Cause,
 LORD over all, to Worms ally'd?
 Answer us from thy bleeding Cross,
 Demand thy dearly-ransom'd Bride: §
 And let our Souls betroth'd to Thee,||
 Thine, wholly Thine for ever be!

H Y M N C C I. L. M.

The Robe of Righteousness.

JESU, thy Blood and Righteousness †
 My Beauty are, my glorious Dress;
 'Midst flaming Worlds, in these array'd,
 With Joy shall I lift up my Head.

When from the Dust of Earth I rise,
 To claim my Mansion in the Skies;
 Ev'n then shall this be all my Plea,
 "Jesus hath liv'd, hath dy'd for me."

* 2 Tim. 2. 13. † Ez. 16. 8. § Rev. 21. 9.
 || 1 Th. 5. 2. 29. 1 Jo. 6. 10.

Bold shall I stand in that great Day,
 For who ought to my Charge shall lay?
 Fully thro' Thee absolv'd I am,
 From Sin and Fear, from Guilt and Shame.
 Thus *Abraham* the Friend of God,
 Thus all the Armies bought with Blood,
 SAVIOUR of Sinners Thee proclaim,
 Sinners, of whom the Chief I am,
 This *seamless* Robe the same appears,
 When ruin'd Nature sinks in Years,
 No Age can change its glorious Hue,
 'Tis ever spotless, ever new.
 Nothing, whereof to boast we have
 All, All, thy Mercy freely gave
 Our Beauty this, our glorious Dress,
 JESUS the LORD our *Righteousness*!

H Y M N CCII. L. M.

Self-resignation.

MY Soul before Thee prostrate lies,
 To Thee her Source, my Spirit flies;
 O let thy chearing Count'nance shine
 On this poor mournful Heart of mine: *
 JESUS! vouchsafe my Heart and Will
 With thy meek Lowliness to fill;
 Break Nature's Bonds, and let me see †
 That whom Thou free'st indeed is free.
 My Heart in Thee, and in thy Ways
 Delights, yet from thy Presence strays:
 My Mind would deeper sink in Thee,
 My Foot stand firm, from wand'ring free.

† Rom. 8. 33. * Psa. 4. 6. † John 8. 36.

All my own Schemes and Self-Designs
I to thy better Will resign;
Impress this deeply on my Breast,
That I'm in Thee already blest.—*John 17. 21.*

So ev'n in Storms I Thee shall find
My sure Support, my Guardian kind;
And I from Age to Age shall prove
That God in Christ is perfect Love. §

H Y M N CCIII. C. M.

FATHER, I stretch mine Hands to Thee,
No other Help I know;
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my Breath!
What Pain, what Labour, to secure
My Soul from endless Death!

O JESU! could I this believe,
I now should feel thy Pow'r;
Now my poor Soul Thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one Hour.

AUTHOR of Faith! to thee I lift—*Heb. 12. 2.*

My weary longing Eyes;
O let me now receive that Gift!
My Soul without it dies.

Short Hymns after SERMON.

H Y M N CCIV. L. M.

THIS God is the God we adore,†
Our faithful Unchangeable Friend;
Whose Love is as great as his Pow'r,
And neither knows Measure nor End.

§ 1 *John 4. 16.* † *Heb. 13. 8.*

'Tis **JESUS**, the *First*, and the *Last*,
Whose **SPIRIT** shall guide us safe *Home*;
We'll praise Him for all that is *past*,
And trust Him for all that's to *come*.

H Y M N CCV. L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the *Skies*,
Let the **CREATOR's** Praise arise!
Let the **REDEEMER's** Name be sung,
Thro' ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.

Eternal are thy *Mercies*, **LORD**,
Eternal Truth attends thy *Word*:
Thy Praise shall sound from *Shore to Shore*,
Till *Suns* shall rise and set no more!

H Y M N CCVI. St. M.

IF **JESUS** is yours
You have a true *Friend*,
His Goodness endures
The same to the *End*;
Your *Tempers* may vary,
Your *Comforts* decline,
You cannot miscarry,
Your Aid is *Divine*.

H Y M N CCVII. C. M.

THE God of *Mercy* be ador'd,
Who calls our *Souls* from *Death*;
Who saves by his redeeming *Word*,
And new-creating *Breath*.

To praise the **FATHER** and the *Son*,
And **SPIRIT**, all *divine*,
The **ONE** in **THREE**, and **THREE** in **ONE**,
Let *Saints* and *Angels* join,

H Y M N CCVIII.

REJOICE, ye Heav'ns, and Earth reply,
 With Praise, ye Sinners, fill the Sky;
 All Grace CHRIST's Death procures;
 Your Woes for Blessings are exchang'd,
 Fulness of Love in CHRIST regain'd,
 Eternal Life is yours.

H Y M N CCIX. S. M.

ONCE more before we part,
 We'll bless the SAVIOUR'S Name.
 Record his Mercies ev'ry Heart;
 Sing, ev'ry Tongue, the same.

Lay up his sacred Word,
 To feed thereon, and grow,
 Go on to seek to know the Lord,
 And Practise what you know.

H Y M N CCX. 8 8 6.

THE LORD hath sworn, and cannot lye,
 With Corn and Wine He will supply
 His *Chosen* in their Need;
 The Paschal LAMB is their Repast,
 A Stranger therefore cannot taste,
 Nor on the Manna feed.

Renew'd in Strength, we never tire,
 But still his boundless Love admire,
 And his Example trace;
 The Gospel-Lamb shall light us on,
 Until our Warfare here be done,
 And finish'd by his Grace.

H Y M N CCXI.

DISMISS us with thy Blessing, Lord,
 Help us to feed upon thy Word;
 What Thou hast seen amiss forgive;
 May CHRIST the Truth within us live!
 Tho' we are guilty, Thou art good,
 Wash all our Works in JESU'S Blood;
 Give ev'ry fetter'd Soul release,
 And bids us all depart in Peace.

H Y M N CCXII. S. M.

HOSANNA to the Son
 Of David and of God,
 Who brought the News of Pardon down,
 And sealed it with his Blood.
 To CHRIST, th' anointed King,
 Be endless Blessings giv'n;
 Let the whole Earth his Glory sing,
 Who made our Peace with Heav'n.
 Then let our Songs abound,
 And ev'ry Tear be dry;
 We're marching thro' IMMANUEL'S Ground,
 To fairer Worlds on high.

H Y M N CCXIII. C. M.

O GREAT REDEEMER of Mankind,
 We praise thy holy Name;
 Thy tender Care while Life shall last,
 We'll to the World proclaim.
 To Heav'n we raise a longing Thought,
 And want thy Face to see;
 To quit this Tenement of Clay,
 And dwell, Dear Lord, with Thee.

DOXOLOGIES.

8 8 6.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 Be Praise amidst the Heav'nly Host,
 And in the Church below;
 From whom all Creatures draw their Birth,
 By whom Redemption blest the Earth,
 From whom all Comforts flow.

To the Trinity. 6s.

FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 One God, whom we adore;
 Join we with the Heav'nly Host
 To praise Thee evermore:

Live, by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,
 THREE IN ONE, and ONE IN THREE,
 Holy, Holy, Holy LORD,
 All Glory be to Thee.

8s.

TO God who reigns enthron'd on high,
 To his dear Son, who design'd to die,
 Our Guilt and Misery to remove,
 To the blest SPIR'T who Life imparts,
 Who rules in all believing Hearts,
 Be endless Glory, Praise and Love.

C. M.

TO FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST,
 One God whom we adore;
 Be Glory as it was, is now
 And shall be evermore.

2. 7s. 10. 0. 0. 0.

SING we to our God above
 Praise Eternal as his Love:
 Praise Him all ye Heavenly Host,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

TO GOD the **FATHER's** Throne,
 Perpetual Honours raise,
 Glory to God the Son,
 To God the **SPiRiT** Praise,
 With all our Powers, Eternal KING,
 Thy Name we sing, while Faith adores.

FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE,
 As by the Coelestial Host,
 Let thy Will on Earth be done:
 Praise by all to Thee be giv'n,
 Glorious LORD of Earth and Heav'n!

104th.

GIVE Glory to God, ye Children of Men,
 And publish abroad again and again
 The SON's Glorious Merit,
 The **FATHER's** Free-Grace,
 The Gift of the **SPiRiT**
 To Adam's lost Race.

L. M. C.

PRAISE God, from whom all Blessings flow,
 Praise Him all Creatures here below
 Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

H Y M N S

FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

H Y M N CCXIV. L. M.

THE Cross! the Cross! O that's my Gain,*
Because on that the LAMB was slain;
'Twas there my LORD was crucified;
'Twas there my SAVIOUR for me died.

What wond'rous Cause could move thy Heart,
To take on Thee my Curse and Smart;
Well knowing that my Soul would be
So cold, so negligent of Thee?

The Cause was Love, I sink with Shame,
Before my sacred JESU's Name;
That Thou shouldst bleed and slaughter'd be,
Because—because Thou lovedst me!

H Y M N CCXV. L. M.

LADEN with Guilt, Sinners, arise,
And view the bleeding Sacrifice;
Each purple Drop proclaims there's Room,
And bids the Poor and Needy come.

Beneath his People's Crimes He stood,
Sign'd their Acquittances in Blood;
Herein God's Justice is pleas'd;
Sinners look up and be releas'd.

* Col. 1. 20. Luke 14. 22.

Mercy, Truth, Peace, and Righteousness,*
 Beam from the *Reconciler's* Face;
 Here look till Love dissolve your Heart,
 And bid your slavish Fears depart.

Oh! quit the World's delusive Charms,
 And quickly flee to *Jesu's* Arms;
 Wrestle until your God is known,
 Till you can call the *LORD* your own.†

H Y M N CCXVI. 8 8 6/

O JESUS, Everlasting God,
 Who once for Sinners shed thy Blood
 Upon Mount *Calvary*;
 And finish'd there Redemption's Toil,
 And made lost Man thy happy Spoil:
 All Glory be to Thee!

Fain would I think upon thy Pain,
 And find therein my Life and Gain,
 And fix my Heart and Mind
 Upon thy Wounds and dying Love;
 Not from that Point my Heart remove,
 But Rest and Safety find!

Content and glad I'll ever be
 To have Salvation, *LORD*, from Thee,
 Ev'n as a Sinner poor;
 I nothing have, I nothing am;
 My Treasure's in the Bleeding *LAMB*, §
 Both now and evermore.

The more, through Grace, myself I know
 The more content I am to bow,
 And sink beneath thy Cross:

* *Psa.* 85. 10. † *Gen.* 32. 26. § *Mat.* 6. 21.

And live by Faith upon thy Blood,
Waiting on Thee for ev'ry Good,
And count my Gain but Loss.

H Y M N CCXVII. C. M.

A LAS ! and did my SAVIOUR bleed ?
And did my SOV'REIGN die ?
Would He devote that sacred Head
For such a Worm as I ?

Was it for Crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the Tree ?
Amazing Pity ! Grace unknown !
And Love beyond Degree.

Well might the Sun in Darkness hide,*
And shut his Glories in,
When God the Mighty MAKER dy'd†
For Man his Creature's Sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing Face,
While thy dear Cross appears ;
Dissolve my Heart in Thankfulness,
And melt my Eyes to Tears.

But Drops of Grief can ne'er repay
That Debt of Love I owe ;
Here, LORD, I'd give myself away,
O help me so to do !

H Y M N CCXVIII. 8s.

E NCOURAG'D by the Word of Grace,
We meet Thee at thy Table, LORD,
O let us see thy smiling Face,—2 Cor. 4. 6.
And one reviving Look afford :

* Mat. 27. 45. † Heb. 1. 2.

To us the Bread of Life be giv'n, — *John 6. 35.*
The Bread which cometh down from Heav'n.

We are unworthy we confess,
One Crumb of Children's Bread, to taste ; *
But cloathed in thy Righteousness,
We humbly venture to the Feast :
Admidst us Sinners, LORD, appear,
And manifest thy Presence here ! — *Mat. 18. 20.*

With heav'nly Food our Souls refresh,
To us be known in breaking Bread : †
Tasting the Symbol of thy Flesh,
May we on Grace and Mercy feed :
Remind us how thy precious Blood
Was shed, to seal our Peace with God.

H Y M N CCXIX. S. M.

CHRIST our Sacrifice.

NOT all the Blood of Beasts
On Jewish Altars slain,
Could give the guilty Conscience Peace,
Or wash away the Stain.

But **CHRIST**, the Heav'nly **LAMB**,
Takes all our Sins away :
A Sacrifice of nobler Name,
And richer Blood than they.

My Faith would lay its Hand — *Lev. 1. 4*
On that dear Head of Thine ;
While like a Penitent I stand,
And there confess my Sin.

* *Mark 7. 28.* † *Luke 24. 35.*

My Soul looks back to see
The Burden Thou didst bear.—1 Pet. 2. 24.
When hanging on th' accursed Tree;
And hopes her Guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the Curse remove:—Gal. 3. 13.
We bless the LAMB with chearful Voice,
And sing his bleeding Love.

H Y M N CCXX. L. M.

COME Sinners to the Gospel-Feast,*
Jesus invites you for his Guest;
O taste the Goodness of your God,
And eat his Flesh and drink his Blood.†

See Him set forth before your Eyes,—Gal. 3. 1.
Behold the bleeding Sacrifice!
His offer'd Love make haste, embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by Grace.

H Y M N CCXXI. L. M.

The helpless Sinner.

PITY a helpless Sinner, LORD, &
Who would believe thy gracious Word;
But own my Heart, with Shame and Grief,
A Sink of Sin and Unbelief.

LORD, in thy house I read there's room: ||
And vent'ring hard behold I come.
But can there, tell me, can there be,
Amongst thy Children, Room for me!

* Luke 14. 17. † Isa. 6. 53. § Mark 9. 24.

|| Luke 14. 2.

I eat the Bread and drink the Wine :
 But oh ! my Soul wants more than Sign,
 I faint unless I feed on Thee,
 And drink thy Blood as food for me.

For Sinners, LORD, Thou can'st to bleed :
 And I'm a Sinner vile indeed !
 LORD, I believe thy Grace is free :
 O, magnify it now in me !

H Y M N CCXXII. L. M.

SINNERS, the pierc'd REDEEMER see ;
 For you He hung upon the Tree ;
 Behold Him by the Eye of Faith,
 For Life flows sweetly from his Death.

Salvation's unexhausted Well—*Isa.* 12. 3.
 Still pours the placid Streams to heal ;
 Profuse the Spring incessant flows,
 Nor Measure nor Cessation knows.

Here may we quench our parching Thirst,
 (The Fountain-head a *Living CHRIST*)
 T' allay proud Nature's Fire within,
 And calm the boist'rous Waves of Sin.

'Tis JESU's Grace, true Life imparts,
 A Cordial for desponding Hearts,
 A Medicine for each Sin-sick Soul,
 A Balm to make the Wounded whole.

Here may the wearied Spirit rest,
 Reclin'd upon the SAVIOUR's Breast :
 The Mourning have each Want supply'd,
 The Faint a Remedy apply'd.

For each a Cure by JESU'S Death,
 For all that feel a quick'ning Faith;
 That Gift, Thou COMFORTER Divine,
 Bestow, and all we have be Thine.

H Y M N CCXXIII. L. M.

OH! that our flinty Hearts would melt,
 While to Remembrance, LORD, we call
 Part of that Weight which Thou hast felt,
 For who can comprehend it all?

Ye Sinners, while these Symbols dear
 Present your suff'ring LORD to View,
 Drop the soft Tribute of a Tear:
 For He shed many a Tear for you.

In the sad Garden, on the Wood,
 His Body bruis'd, from ev'ry Part
 Pour'd on the Ground a purple Flood;
 Till Sorrow broke his tender Heart.

LORD, while we thus shew forth thy Death,
 O send thy SPIRIT from above;
 Help us to Feed on Thee by Faith;
 And sigh, and sing, and mourn, and love.

H Y M N CCXXIV. S. M.

JESUS invites his Saints,
 To meet around his Board!
 Here pardon'd Rebels sit, and hold
 Communion with their LORD.

Rem. 5. 1. To save our souls from Hell

For Food, he gives his Flesh;—*John 6. 55.*
 He bids us drink his Blood;
 Amazing Favour! matchless Grace!
 Of our redeeming God;

Let all our Pow'rs be join'd
 His glorious Name to raise;
 Pleasure and Love fill ev'ry Mind,
 And ev'ry Voice be Praise.

H Y M N CCXXV.

THE LORD prepares a Royal Feast,
 Sweet Fruit of the sharp Pangs He bore!
 Lo! He reveals his shining Breast,
 I own these Wounds, and I adore;

Whence flow these Favours so divine!

JESUS! why shed thy precious Blood?
 Why for such earthly Souls as mine,
 This Heav'nly Flesh, this sacred Food?

'Twas thine own Love that made Thee bleed,
 That nail'd Thee to th' accursed Tree;
 'Twas Thine own Love this Table spread
 For such unworthy Worms as we.

Give us to taste thy dying Love,
 Come, *Faith*, and feed upon the LORD:
 With glad Consent our Lips shall move
 And sweet *Hosannas* crown the Board.

H Y M N CCXXVI. 886.

JESUS, Thou lovely bleeding LAMB,
 Who underwent our Grief and Shame,
 To save our Souls from Hell;

While here we are around thy Board,
Thy Pain, and Sufferings to record,
Thy Praise aloud we'll tell.

We'll shout and sing thy lovely Name,
Loud *Hallelujahs* to the LAMB.

We'll sing thy *Sov'reign* Grace;
Why didst Thou leave thy Throne above
To come and bleed to Death for Love,
To save our guilty Race.

O matchless Grace! O boundless Love!
Help us ye glorious Hosts above,
To sound his Praise Abroad:
Hosanna, blessed be his Name,
He fought and bled and overcame,
And made our Peace with God.

H. Y. M. N. CCXXVII. C. M.

COME HOLY GHOST, Thine Influence
And realize the Sign, (shed,
Thy Life infuse into the Bread,
Thy Pow'r into the Wine.

Effectual let the Tokens prove,
And made by Heavenly Art
Fit Channels to convey thy Love
To each believing Heart.

H. Y. M. N. CCXXVIII. L. M.

'T WAS on that dark, that doleful Night,
When Pow'rs of Earth and Hell arose
Against the Son of God's Delight,
And Friends betray'd Him to his Foes:

Before the mournful Scene began,
He took the Bread, and bless'd, and brake :
What Love thro' all his Actions ran !
What wond'rous Words of Grace He spake !

This is my Body broke for Sin,
Receive and Eat the living Food :
Then took the Cup, and bless'd the Wine ;
'Tis the new Cov'nant in my Blood..

" Do this, (He cry'd) 'till Time shall end,
" In Mem'ry of your dying FRIEND ;
" Meet at my Table and record
" The Love of your departed LORD."

JESUS, thy Feast we celebrate,
We shew thy Death, we sing thy Name,
'Till thou return, and we shall eat
The Marriage-Supper of the LAMB.

H Y M N CCXXIX. C. M.

LORD how divine thy Comforts are !
How Heav'nly is the Place
Where JESUS spreads the sacred Feast
Of his Redeeming Grace !

There the rich Bounties of our God,
And sweetest Glories shine ;
There JESUS says, " That I am his,
" And my BELOVED's mine."

" Here (says the kind Redeeming LORD,
" And shews his wounded Side)
" See here the Spring of all your Joys,
" That open'd when I dy'd !"

To Him that wash'd us in his Blood
Be everlasting Praise,
Salvation, Honour, Glory, Pow'r,
Eternal as his Days.

H Y M N CCXXX. L. M.

AT thy Command, our dearest LORD,
Here we attend thy dying Feast;
Thy Blood, like Wine, adorns thy Board,
And thy own Flesh feeds every Guest.

Our Faith adores thy bleeding Love
And trusts for Life in one that dy'd;
We hope for Heavenly Crowns above,
From a REDEEMER crucify'd.

H Y M N CCXXXI. C. M.

LORD! may I never once forget
What a poor Worm I am;
From Death and Hell redeem'd by Blood,
The Blood of GOD's dear LAMB!

Hungry and thirsty after Thee,
May I be found each Hour;
Humble in Heart, and happy kept
By Thine Almighty Pow'r!

May thy Blest SPIRIT, in my Heart,
Most sweetly shed abroad
The Love of my Incarnate GOD,
Who bought me with his Blood!

The Mystery of Redeeming Love
Be ever dear to me ;
And may the Flesh and Blood of CHRIST
My daily Manna be !

H Y M N CCXXXII. C. M.

THIS was Compassion like a GOD !
Although the SAVIOUR knew
Guilt could be Pardon'd but by Blood, §
His Pity ne'er withdrew !

He sunk beneath our heavy Woess,
To raise us to his Throne :
Great are the Gifts his Hand bestows
Great Sorrows made him Groan.

Now tho' He reigns exalted high,
His Love is still as great !
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor will his Saints forget.

Here we receive repeated Seals
Of JESU's dying Love :
Hard is the Wretch that never feels
One soft Affection move.

Here may our Hearts begin to melt,
While we his Death record ;
And with our Joy for pardon'd Guilt,*
Mourn that we pierc'd the LORD.

§ Heb. 9. 22.

* Rom. 5. 2.

APPENDIX.

H Y M N CCXXXIII. L. M.

Salvation by Grace.

NOW to the Pow'r of God supreme,
Be everlasting Honours giv'n;
He saves from Hell, (we bless his Name)
He calls lost wand'ring Souls to Heav'n.

Not for our Duties or Deserts, - 2 *Tim.* 2. 9, 10.

But of his own abounding Grace,
He works Salvation in our Hearts,
And forms a People for his Praise.

'Twas his own Purpose that begun
To rescue Rebels doom'd to die,
He gave us Grace in CHRIST his Son,
Before he spread the starry Sky.

JESUS, the LORD, appears at last,
And makes his Father's Counsels known;
Declares the great Transactions past;
And brings immortal Blessings down.

H Y M N CCXXXIV. C. M.

Blessings of the Gospel.

BLEST are the Souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful Sound,
Peace shall attend the Path they go,
And Light their Steps surround.

R

Their Joy shall bear their Spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's Name;
His Righteousness exalts their Hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The LORD our Glory and Defence,
Strength and Salvation gives :
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy GOD for ever lives.

H Y M N CCXXXV. L. M.

The Priesthood of CHRIST.

BLOOD has a Voice to pierce the Skies ;
Revenge, the Blood of Abel cries :
But the dear Stream, when CHRIST was slain,
Speaks Peace as loud from ev'ry Vein.

Pardon and Grace from GOD on high ;
Behold ! he lays his Vengeance by ;
And Rebels that deserve his Sword,
Become the Fav'rites of the LORD.

To JESUS let our Praises rise,
Who gave his Life a Sacrifice ;
Now he appears before our GOD,
And for our Pardon pleads his Blood.

H Y M N CCXXXVI. 8. 7.

The Same.

FATHER, hear the Blood of JESUS
Speaking in thine Ear above ;
From thy Wrath and Curse release us ;
Manifest thy pard'ning Love.

O receive us to thy Favour,
For his only sake receive ;
Satisfy our bleeding SAVIOUR,
Let us by his dying live.—*Is.* 53. 11.

" To thy pard'ning Grace receive them,"
 Once He pray'd upon the Tree :
 Still his Blood cries out " forgive them,"
 All their Sins were purg'd by me.
 Still our Advocate in Heaven
 Prays the Pray'r on Earth begun,
 " Father, shew their Sins forgiv'n ;
 " Father, glorify thy Son." — *1 John 2. 1.*

H Y M N CCXXXVII. C. M.

For the LORD'S SUPPER.

HOW sweet and awful is the Place,
 With CHRIST within the Doors ?
 While everlasting Love displays
 The choicest of her Stores.

Here ev'ry Bowel of our God
 With soft Compassion rolls ;
 Here Peace and Pardon, through his Blood, *
 Are Food for dying Souls.

While all our Hearts and all our Songs
 Join to admire the Feast,
 Each of us cry with thankful Tongues,
 " LORD, why was I a Guest ?"

Why was I made to hear thy Voice,
 And enter while there's room ;
 When thousands make a wretched Choice,
 And rather starve than come ?

'Twas the same Love that spread the Feast,
 That sweetly drew us in ;
 Else we had still refus'd to taste,
 And perish'd in our Sin.

H Y M N CCXXXVIII. S. M.

Looking to JESUS. Ps. 104.

HOW glorious the LAMB
Is seen on his Throne !

His Labours are o'er,
His Conquests put on ;

A Kingdom is giv'n
Into the LAMB's Hand,

In Earth and in Heav'n
For ever to stand

Ye Sinners below,
Then trust in the LORD,

Look up to his Arm,
His Honour, his Word :

Athirst for his Favour,
His Godhead adore,

Look up to your SAVIOUR,
And joy evermore !

H Y M N CCXXXIX. C. M.

God's Faithfulness.

BEGIN, my Tongue, some heav'nly Theme,
And speak some boundless Thing,
The mighty Works, or mightier Name,
Of our Eternal King.

Tell of his wond'rous Faithfulness,
And sound his Pow'r abroad,

Sing the sweet Promise of his Grace,
And the performing GOD.

Proclaim Salvation from the LORD
For wretched dying Men ;

His Hand hath writ the sacred Word
With an immortal Pen.

Engrav'd as in eternal Brass,
The mighty Promise shines ;
Nor can the Pow'rs of Darknefs raze
Those everlasting Lines.

H Y M N CCXL. C. M.

Longing for Heaven.

CH RIST's own soft Hand shall wipe the
From ev'ry weeping Eye : (Tear
Affliction, Pain, and Grief, and Fear,
And Death itself, shall die.

How long, dear SAVIOUR, O how long,
Shall this bright Hour delay?
Fly swiftly round, ye Wheels of Time,
And bring the welcome Day !

H Y M N CCXLI. S. M.

CHRIST's Intercession.

WELL! the REDEEMER's gone—
T' appear before our GOD,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming Throne
With his atoning Blood.

No fiery Vengeance now,
No burning Wrath comes down ;
If Justice calls for Sinners Blood,
The SAVIOUR shews his own.

Before his FATHER's Eye,—I *John 2. 1.*
Our humble Suit he moves ;
The Father lays his Thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

Now may our Joyful Tongues
Our Maker's Honours sing :
JESUS the Priest receives our Songs,
And bears 'em to the KING.

H Y M N CCXLII. L. M.

The Same.

LIFT up your Eyes to th' heav'nly Seats
Where your REDEEMER Stays ;
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

'Twas well, my Soul, he dy'd for thee ;
And shed his vital Blood ;
Appeas'd stern Justice on the Tree,
And then arose to God.

Petitions now, and Praise may rise,
And Saints their Off'rings bring !
The Priest with his own Sacrifice
Presents them to the KING..

Ten thousand Praises to the KING,
Hosannah in the high'st !
Ten thousand Thanks our Spirits bring
To God, and to his CHRIST.

H Y M N CCXLIII. 8 7.

Looking to JESUS in Gethsemane.

SINNERS ! come, look at him yonder,
Groaning, bleeding, like to die ;
Him, whose Love than Death is stronger
Dearer than his Liberty.

Like us, was he found in Fashion
 With us for to sympathize :
 Oh ! his Soul is all Compassion,
 Broken Hearts he'll ne'er despise.

From my LORD I'd ask a Favour ;
 That my Soul might henceforth be
 Rooted, settled, grounded ever
 On Him to Eternity.

Still I Love him and adore him,
 While in Life I am confin'd ;
 Still my Wants I'll lay before him,
 For I find him very kind.

Day by Day on Him I'd center,
 Did not my unstable Heart
 Foolishly let Trifles enter,
 And from my dear LORD depart :
 Oh ! 'tis this alone that grieves me,
 This alone creates my Pain ;
 'Tis not in his Heart to leave me,
 No : He *changeless* doth remain.

H Y M N CCXLIV. L. M.

Morning.

O God, how endless is thy Love ! *
 Thy Gifts are ev'ry Ev'ning new ;
 And Morning Mercies from above,
 Gently distil like early Dew !

Thou spread'st the Curtain of the Night,
 Great Guardian of our sleeping Hours ;
 Thy *Sov'reign* Word restores the Light,
 And quickens all our drowsy Pow'rs.

We yield our Pow'r to thy Command,
 To Thee we consecrate our Days !
 Perpetual Blessings from thy Hand,
 Demand perpetual Songs of Praise !

HYMN CCXLV. 87.

The Sun of Righteousness, Mal. 4. 2.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the Shades of Death,*
 Come ! and by thy Love's Revealing
 Dissipate the Clouds beneath :
 The new Heav'n, and Earth's Creator,†
 In our deepest Darkness rise !
 Scatt'ring all the Night of Nature,
 Pouring Eye-Sight on our Eyes ‡§

Still we wait for Thine Appearing,
 Life and Joy thy Beams impart,
 Chasing all our Fears, and chearing
 Ev'ry poor benighted Heart :
 Come, and manifest the Favour
 God hath for our ransom'd Race ;
 Come ! Thou gracious God, our SAVIOUR !
 Come ! and bring the Gospel-Grace !

Save us in thy Great Compassion,
 O Thou mild pacific PRINCE !—*Isa.* 9. 6.
 Give the Knowledge of Salvation,—*Luke* 1. 77.
 Give the Pardon of our Sins,
 By Thine All-restoring Merit,
 Ev'ry burden'd Soul release,—*Mat.* 11. 28.
 Ev'ry weary, wand'ring Spirit
 Guide into thy perfect Peace,—*Psa.* 119. 176.

* *Isa.* 9. 2. † *Rev.* 21. 1. 5. § *Isa.* 35. 5.

H Y M N CCXLVI. L. M.

Invitation.

HITHER ye Poor, ye Sick, ye Blind,
 A Sin-disorder'd trembling Throng;
 To you the Gospel calls, to you
 MESSIAH's Blessings all belong. — *Luke 14. 21.*

Reason's and Virtue's boasting Sons,
 Derive no Blessings from his Tree:†
 For Sinners only Jesus dy'd, — *1 Pet. ii. 24.*
 Then sure I hear He dy'd for me!

'Twas with our Griefs MESSIAH groan'd, &
 'Twas with our Guilt His Soul was try'd,
 Our Punishment He took, He bore,
 And Sinners lived when Jesus dy'd!

Awake each Heart, arise each Soul,
 And join the blissful Choirs above,
 May nothing tune our future Song,
 But Heav'nly Wisdom, Heav'nly Love!

H Y M N CCXLVII.

For a national Fast.

LORD, look on all assembled here;
 Who in thy Presence stand,
 To offer up united Prayer
 For this our sinful Land.

Oft have we, each in private, pray'd
 Our Country might find Grace.
 Now hear the same Petitions made
 In this appointed Place.

† *Acts 5. 30.* § *Isa. 53. 4, 5.*

Or, if amongst us some be met;
 So careless of their Sin,
 They have not cry'd for Mercy yet,
 Lord let them now begin.

Thou, by whose Death poor Sinners Live,
 By whom their Prayers succeed,
 Thy *Spirit of Supplication* give,
 And we shall pray indeed.

O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
 By thy resistless Grace!
 Then shall our Hearts receive thy Word,
 And humbly seek thy Face.

Great God of Hosts, Deliv'rance bring,
 Guide those that hold the Helm;
 Support the State; preserve the King;
 And spare the guilty Realm.

Or should the dread Decree be past,
 And we must feel thy Rod;
 May Faith and Patience hold us fast
 To our correcting God.

Whatever be our destin'd Case
 Accept us in thy SON;
 Give us his GOSPEL, and his GRACE;
 And then "*Thy Will be done.*"

H Y M N CCLXVIII. 684.

The Backslider.

JESUS, let thy pitying Eye
 Call back a wand'ring Sheep:
 False to thee like Peter, I
 Like Peter fain would weep:

Let me be by Grace restor'd,
On me be all its Freeness shown;
Turn, and look upon me, LORD,
And break my Heart of Stone.

SAVIOUR, Prince, enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart;
Give me, through thy dying Love,
The humble contrite Heart!
Give, what I have long implor'd,
A Portion of thy Love unknown:
Turn, and look, &c.

See me, SAVIOUR, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and Happiness, and Love,
Drop from thy gracious Eye:
Speak the reconciling Word,
And let thy Mercy melt me down!
Turn, and look, &c.

Look, as when thy Grace beheld
The Harlot in Distress;
Dry'd her Tears, her Pardon seal'd,
And bid her go in Peace:
Foul, like her, and self-abhor'd,
I at thy Feet for Mercy groan:
Turn, and look, &c.

Look, as when thy pitying Eye
Was clos'd, that we might live:
"Father," (at the Point to die,
My SAVIOUR gasp'd) "Forgive!"
Surely, with that dying Word,
He turns, and looks, and crys, "Tis done!"
O my Loving, Bleeding LORD,
Thou break'st my Heart of Stone.

H Y M N CCXLIX. L. M.

Thanksgiving.

BLESS, O my Soul, the living God,
 Call home thy Thoughts that rove abroad;
 Let all the Pow'rs within me join
 In Work and Worship so divine.
 Bless, O my Soul, the God of Grace;
 His Favours claim thy highest Praise;
 Why should the Wonders he hath wrought
 Be lost in Silence and forgot?
 'Twas he, my Soul, who sent his Son
 To die for Crimes which thou hast done;
 He owns the Ransom, and forgives
 The hourly Follies of our Lives.
 Our Youth decay'd, his Pow'r repairs;
 His Mercy crowns our growing Years:
 He satisfies our Mouth with Good,
 And fills our Hopes with heav'nly Food,
 Let the whole Earth his Pow'r confess,
 Let the whole Earth adore his Grace:
 The *Gentile* with the *Jew* shall join
 In Work and Worship so divine.

H Y M N CCL. S. M.

Before Sermon.

SPIRIT of Faith, come down,
 Thy Seal with Pow'r set to;—*Eph. 1. 13.*
 This Ord'nance with thy Presence crown,
 And prove the Record true.
 Pardon and Grace impart;
 Come quickly from above;
 Witness for God in every Heart,—*Rom. 8. 16.*
 And shed Abroad his Love.—*Rom. 5. 5.*

H Y M N CCLI. L. M.

Graces before Meat.

BE present at our Table, Lord !
Be here and ev'ry where ador'd :
These Creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee.

H Y M N CCLII. S. M.

THOU SAVIOUR divine,
Most graciously bless
These Mercies of thine,
With spiritual Grace :
That, while we are tasting
Our temporal Food,
Our Souls may be praising
The Goodness of God.

H Y M N CCLIII. 8s.

Grace after Meat.

BLESSED be God, for ever blest
Our God, the Master of the Feast !
Who hath for us a Table spread,
And us through all our Journey fed ;
May He, with ev'ry Gift, impart
The Crown of all, a thankful Heart.

H Y M N CCLIV. L. M.

WE thank thee LORD for this our Food,
But more because of JESU'S Blood ;
Let Manna to our Souls be giv'n,
The Bread of Life sent down from Heav'n.

H Y M N CCLV. L. M.

Longing for God's House.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy Dwellings are !
The new-born Soul both longs and faints
To meet th' Assemblies of thy Saints.

Blest are the Souls that find a Place
Within the Temple of thy Grace !
There they behold thy gentler Rays,
And seek thy Face, and learn thy Praise.

Blest are the Men whose Hearts are set
To find the Way to Zion's Gate ;
God is their Strength, and through the Road
They lean upon their Helper God.

Oh may we walk with growing Strength,
'Till we all meet in Heav'n at length :
'Till all before CHRIST's Face appear,
And join in nobler Worship there !

H Y M N CCLVI. 104th. P.

After Sermons.

ALL Praise to the Lord, all Praise is his due,
To Day is his Word of Promise found true,
We, we are the Nations presented to God,
Well-pleasing Oblations thro' Jesus's Blood.

Poor Gentiles from far to Jesus we came,
And offer'd we are to God thro' his Name ;
To God, thro' the Spirit, ourselves do we give,
And sav'd by the Merit of Jesus we live.

H Y M N CCLVII. L. M.

The Same.

OUR Lives, our All we here present,
If for thy Sake they may be spent;
Fulfil thy sov'reign Counsel, LORD,
Thy will be done, thy Name ador'd.

Give us thy Strength, thou GOD of Pow'r,
Then let Men Scorn, and Satan roar;
Thy faithful Witness we'll be,
'Tis ~~Fixt~~ — "We can do all thro' Thee." — Phil. 13. 4.

H Y M N CCLVIN. ITS.

I will sing of the Mercy of the LORD for ever..

"Psalm 89. 1."

THY Mercy, my God, is the Theme of my
Song,
The Joy of my Heart, and the Boast of my
Tongue:

Thy free Grace, alone, from the first to the last,
Has won my Affections, and bound my Soul fast.

Without thy sweet Mercy, I could not live here;
Sin soon would reduce me to utter Despair:
But, thro' thy free Goodness, my Spirits revive,
And he that first made me, still keeps me, alive.

Whene'er I go wrong, thy rich Mercy begins
To melt me, and then I can mourn for my Sins:
And, led by thy Spirit, to Jesus's Blood,
My Sorrows are dry'd, and my Strength is renew'd.

Thy Mercy is more than a Match for my Heart,
Which wonders to feel its own Hardness depart.
Dissolv'd by thy Presence I fall to the Ground,
And weep to the Praise of the Mercy I found.

Thy Mercy in Jesus exempts me from Hell;
Of thy Mercy I'll sing, of thy Mercy I'll tell;
'Twas JESUS my Friend, when he hung on the Tree,
That open'd the Channel of Mercy for me.

Great Father of Mercies, thy Goodness I own;
And the Covenant-Love of thy crucify'd Son;
All Praise to the Spirit, whose Whispers divine
Seal Mercy, and Pardon, and Righteousness mine.

H Y M N CCLIX. L. M.

" The Loving Kindness of the LORD."

Isa. lxiii. 7.

A WAKE my Soul in joyful Lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's Praise;
He justly claims a Song from me.
His *Loving Kindness* is so Free.

He saw me ruin'd in the Fall,
And lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost Estate,
His *Loving Kindness* is so Great.

When I was Satan's easy Prey,
And deep in Debt and Bondage lay;
He paid his Life for my Discharge,
His *Loving Kindness* is so Large.

Thro' many Hosts of mighty Foes,
Where Earth and Hell my Way oppose;
He safely leads my Soul along,
His *Loving Kindness* is so Strong.

Often I feel my sinful Heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
And tho' I have him oft forgot,
His *Loving Kindness* changes not.

When e'er I pass the gloomy Vale,
And all my mortal Powers fail;
Oh may my last expiring Breath,
His *Loving Kindness* sing in Death.

H Y M N CCLX. L. M.

BAPTISM.

COME, Holy Ghost, descend from high;
Baptiser of our Spirits thou!
The Sacramental Seal apply,
And Witness with the Water now.
Exert thine Energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning Blood;
May FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, join
To seal this Soul a Child of God.

H Y M N CCLXI. 7s.

Pleading the Atonement.

FATHER, God, who seest in me
Only Sin and Misery;
View thine own anointed one,
Look on thy beloved Son.

Turn from me thy glorious Eyes,
 To his bloody Sacrifice,
 To the full Atonement made,
 To the Ransom he has paid.

Hear his Blood's prevailing Cry,
 Let thy Bowels then reply;
 Then thro' Him the Sinner see,
 Then in Jesus look on me.

H Y M N CCLXII. L. M.

First and Second Adam.

DEEP in the Dust, before thy Throne,
 Our Guilt and our Disgrace we own:
 Great God, we own th' unhappy Name,
 Whence sprung our Nature, and our Shame.

But whilst our Spirits fill'd with Awe,
 Behold the Terrors of thy Law,
 We sing the Honours of thy Grace,
 That sent to save our ruin'd Race.

We sing thine everlasting Son,
 Who join'd our Nature to his own;
 Adam, the second, from the Dust
 Raises the Ruins of the first.

Where Sin did reign, and Death abound,
 There have the Sons of Adam found
 Abounding Life: there glorious Grace
 Reigns thro' the Lord our Righteousness.

H Y M N CCLXIII.

Humiliation.

LORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in Sin,
And born unholy and unclean :
Sprung from the Man whose guilty Fall
Corrupts the Race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our Infant-Breath,
The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death ;
Thy Law demands a perfect Heart,
But we're defil'd in ev'ry Part.

Behold, we fall before thy Face,
Our only Refuge is thy Grace ;
No outward Forms can make us clean,
The Leprosy lies deep within.

Jesus, our God, thy Blood alone,
Hath Pow'r sufficient to atone ;
LORD, let us hear thy pard'ning Voice,
And make our down-cast Hearts rejoice.

H Y M N CCLXIV. 6 8 4.

THE God of *Abr'ham* praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above ;
ANTIENT of everlasting Days, — *Gen. 7. 22.*
And God of Love : — *2 Cor. 13. 11.*
JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM !
By Earth and Heav'n confest ;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever bless'd, — *Rom. 1. 25.*

1 *Exod. 6. 3. iii. 14.*

The God of *Abraham* praise,
At whose supreme Command
From Earth I rise—and seek the Joys
At his right Hand:
I all on Earth forsake,
Its Wisdom, Fame and Pow'r;
And Him my only Portion make
My Shield and Tow'r.—*Psa.* 18. 2.

The God of *Abraham* praise,
Whose All-sufficient Grace
Shall guide me all my happy Days,—*Gen.* 28. 15.
In all his Ways:
He calls a Worm his Friend!—*James* 2. 23.
He calls Himself my God!—*Exod.* 3. 6.
And He shall save me to the End,—*1 Pet.* 1. 5.
Through *Jesus*'s Blood.

He by HIMSELF hath sworn,—*Heb.* 6. 13.
I on his Oath depend,—*Rom.* 4. 20, 21.
I shall, on Eagle's Wings up-borne,—*Isaiah* 19. 1.
To Heav'n ascend:
I shall behold his Face,—*John* 17. 24.
I shall his Pow'r adore,
And sing the Wonders of his Grace,—*Psa.* 145. 1.
For evermore.

Part the Second.

Tho' Nature's Strength decay,—*Ram.* 4.
And Earth and Hell withstand, (19.
To *Canaan*'s Bounds I urge my Way.
At his Command:
The wat'ry Deep I pass,—*Exod.* 14. 22.
With *Jesus* in my View,—*Exod.* 13. 21.
And thro' the howling Wilderness
My Way pursue.

The Goodly Land I see, — *Exod.* 3. 8.

With Peace and Plenty blest;

A Land of sacred Liberty, — *Lev.* 25. 42.

And endless Rest: — *Exod.* 33. 14.

There Milk and Honey flow: — *Exod.* 3. 8.

And Oil and Wine abound; — *Deut.* 32. 13, 14.

And Trees of Life *for ever* grow; — *Isa.* 61. 3.

With Mercy crown'd.

Before the SAVIOUR'S Face

The ransom'd Nations bow;

O'erwhelm'd at his Almighty Grace,

For ever new:

He shews his Scars of Love:

They kindle to a Flame;

And sound, thro' all the Worlds above,

The slaughter'd LAMB.

The God, who reigns on High

The Great Arch-Angels sing, — *Isa.* 6. 3.

And "HOLY, HOLY, HOLY," cry,

ALMIGHTY KING:

"Who wast, and art the same;

"And evermore shalt be;

"JEHOVAH--FATHER--GREAT I AM!"

"We Worship THEE."

Liturgy, Morning Prayer.

Benedicite.

O All ye Works of the LORD,

Bless ye the LORD:

Praise him, and magnify him, for ever.

O ye Angels of the LORD,

Bless ye, &c.

O all ye Powers of the Lord,
Bless ye, &c.

O ye Children of Men,
Bless ye, &c.

O ye Priests of the Lord,
Bless ye, &c.

O ye Servants of the Lord,
Bless ye, &c.

O ye holy and humble Men of Heart,
Bless ye, &c.

O Let Israel
Bless the Lord,
Praise him, and magnify him, for ever.

O let the Earth bless the Lord,
Yea, let it praise him,
And magnify him for ever.

Glory be to the Father,
And to the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the Beginning, is now,
And ever shall be;
World without End. Amen.

Benedictus. Liturgy. Luke i. 68.

The Song of Zacharias. C. M.

NOW be the God of Israel bless'd
Who makes his Truth appear;
His mighty Hand fulfills his Word,
And all the Oaths He swears.

Now he bedews old David's Root
 With Blessings from the Skies;
 He makes the Branch of Promise grow,
 The promis'd Horn arise,
 He makes the great Salvation known;
 He speaks of pardon'd Sin;
 While Grace divine, and Heav'nly Love,
 In their own Glory shine.

Behold the Morning Star arise,
 Ye that in Darkness sit;
 It marks the Path, that leads to Peace,
 And guides our Doubtful Feet.

Jubilate Deo : Liturgy. Pl. 100. L. M.

YE Nations round the Earth, rejoice
 Before the LORD, your sov'reign King :
 Serve him with cheerful Heart and Voice,
 With all your Tongues, his Glory sing.

The LORD is God : 'tis He alone
 Doth Life, and Breath, and Being give,
 We are his Work, and not our own ;
 The Sheep that on his Pastures live.

Enter his Gates with Songs of Joy,
 With Praises to his Courts repair :
 And make it your divine Employ
 To pay your Thanks and Honours there.

The LORD is good, the LORD is kind ;
 Great is his Grace, his Mercy sure :
 And the whole Race of Man shall find,
 His Truth from Age to Age endure.

Liturgy, Evening Prayer.

Magnificat. Luke i. 46.

MY Soul and Spirit, filled with Joy,
 My God and SAVIOUR praise;
 Whose Goodness did from poor Estate,
 His humble Handmaid raise.

Me bless'd of God, the God of Power,
 All Ages shall confess;
 Whose Name is holy, and whose Love,
 His Saints shall ever bless.

Strength with his Arm th' Almighty shewed,
 The Proud he did confound;
 He cast the mighty from their Seat,
 The meek and humble crown'd.

The Hungry with good Things are filled;
 The Rich with Hunger pin'd:
 He sent his Servant Israel help;
 And called his Love to mind.

Which to our Fathers ancient Race,
 His Oath did once ensure.
 To Abrah'm and his chosen Seed,
 For ever to endure.

Nunc dimittis. Luke 2—29.

The Song of Simeon. C. M.

NOW let thy Servant die in Peace,
 From this vain World dismiss;
 I've seen thy great Salvation LORD;
 And hasten to my Rest.

Thy long expected Grace, thy love
 Hath prov'd thy Love was constant
 And Promises were true

This is the Sun, whose cheering Rays
 Thro' Gentile Darkens spread
 Pours Glory round thy chosen Race,
 And Blessings on their Head.

M. Y. M. N. I. O. L. X. K. M. O. M.

Part of the Te Deum
 Liturgy.

WE sing to thee, thou Son of God,
 Channel of Life and Grace,
 We praise thee, Son of Man, whose Blood
 Redeem'd the chosen Race.

To thee all Angels cry aloud,
 Through Heav'n's extended Courts,
 Hail, holy, holy, holy God,
 Of Glory and of Hells!

The Cherubim and Seraphim,
 Incessant sing to thee,
 The Worlds, and all the Hosts therein,
 Adore thy Majesty!

Now, may thy Spirit in us dwell,
 The Prophets' words fulfill,
 In us thy Grace manifest,
 Praise thee, thou Son of God,
 The Fulness of thy Rest.

Th' Apostles glorious Company
 Thy righteous Praise proclaim
 The Martyrs Army glorify
 Thine everlasting Name.

Among their Numbers we presume
 To sing thy precious Blood;
 Reign here, and in the World to come,
 Thou Holy Lamb of God.

H Y M N I C O L X X I I I M.

For a Nation, or Individuals in Distress.

GREAT God, we know not what to do,
 But fix our wishful Eyes on Thee,
 Who, of thy many, or thy few,
 Canst save in our Extremity.

Thine Arm, when all Resources fail,
 It's own immortal Strength can trace;
 When hostile Multitudes prevail,
 Thou sav'st thy People by thy Grace.

Oft hath thine Arm in ancient Days
 Stretch'd out in our Defence appear'd,
 And ransom'd our unworthiness,
 And snatch'd us from the Death we fear'd.

Now, may thy Spirit in us Cry,
 In ours thine own Request attend;
 O Lord of Hosts, O Lamb of God,
 Deliverance to thine Israel send.

For thou art still a faithfull God,
Our God in ev'ry Age the same,
Our Trust is still in Jesu's Blood,
We ask this Grace in Jesu's Name.

H Y M N CCLXXII. C. M.

God's Sovereignty.

K EEP Silence, all created Things,
And wait your Maker's Noe;
My Soul stands trembling, while she sings
The Honours of her God.

Life, Death, and Hell, and World's unknown,
Hang on his firm Decree:
He sits on no precarious Throne,
Nor borrows leave to Be.

Chain'd to his Throne a Volume lies,
With all the Fates of Men;
With ev'ry Angel's Form and Size,
Drawn by th' eternal Pen.

His Providence unfolds the Book,
And makes his Counsels shine;
Each op'ning Leaf, and ev'ry stroke,
Fulfills some deep Design.

Nor Gabriel asks the Reason why,
Nor God the Reason gives;
Nor dare the first-born Seraphs pry
Between the folded Leaves.

Good, when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less, when he denies.

E'en Crosses, from his Sov'reign Hand
Are Blessings in Disguise
In thy fair Book of Life and Grace,
O may I see my Name;

Recorded in some humble Place
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

H Y M N COLXXIII

The Keeper of Israel.

WHAT tho' my frail Eyelids refuse
Continual Watching to keep,

And punctual as Midnight renews
Demand the Refreshment of Sleep,

A Sov'reign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at Hand:

Unchangeably faithful to save
Almighty to rule and Command.

From Evil secure and its dread,
I rest if my SAVIOUR is nigh,

And Songs his kind Presence indeed
Shall, in the Night Season, supply

He smiles, and my Comforts abound
His Grace as the Dew shall descend

And Walls of Salvation surround
The Soul he Delights to defend.

Kind Author and Ground of my Hope:
Thee, Thee, for my God I avow,

My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own, thou hast help'd me till now.

I muse on the Years that are past,
Wherein my Defence thou hast proved;
Nor wilt thou relinquish, at last, M Y H
A Sinner so signally loved.

Inspirer and Healer of Prayers, W
Thou Feeder and Guardian of mine,
My all to thy covenant Care, T
I, sleeping and waking, resign: A
If thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The Night is no Darkness to me; S
And fast as my Moments roll on, M
They bring me but nearer to thee. S

Thy ministring Spirits descend, S
To watch while thy Saints are asleep, S
By Day and by Night they attend, S
The Heirs of Salvation to keep; S
Bright Seraphs, dispatch'd from the Throne, S
Repair to their Stations assign'd; S
And Angels elect are sent down, S
To guard the Elect of Mankind. S

Thy Worship no Interval knows; S
Their Fervor is still on the Wing; S
And, while they protect my Repose, S
They chaunt to the Praise of my King; S
I too, at the Season ordain'd, S
Their Chorus for ever shall join; S
And Love and adore without End, S
Their faithful Creator, and mine. S

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H Y M N CCLXXIV. C. M. T.

On Pl. 104, 34.

WHEN Languor and Disease invade
This trembling House of Clay,

'Tis sweet to look beyond our Cage,
And long to fly away.

Sweet to reflect how Grace divine,
My Sins on Jesus laid;

Sweet to remember, that his Blood
My Debt of suffering paid.

Sweet in his Righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second Death;

Sweet to Experience Day by Day
His Spirit's quick'ning Breath.

Sweet on his Faithfulness to rest,
Whose Love can never End;

Sweet on his Covenant of Grace,
For all Things to depend.

Sweet to look inward and attend
The Whisper of his Love;

Sweet to look upward to the Place
Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to look back, and see my Name
In Life's fair Book set down;

Sweet to look forward and behold
Eternal Joys my own.

Sweet in the Confidence of Faith,
To trust his firm Decree,
Sweet to lie passive in his Hands,
And know no Will but his.

If such the Sweetness of the Streams,
What must the Fountain Be,
Where Saints and Angels draw their Bliss,
Immediately from thee.

H. Y. M. N. CCLXXV. C. M.

On John 6. 67.

WHEN any turn from Zion's Way,
(Alas! what Numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"
Alas Lord! with such a Heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.
Yet thou alone hast Power, I know,
To save a Wretch like me,
To whom or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

The Help of Men and Angels join'd,
Can never reach my Case;
Nor can I hope Relief to find,
But in thy boundless Grace.

• Gen. 28. 17. + Ps. 103. 1. ? John 4. 24.

No Voice but thine can give me Rest,
And bid my Fears depart;
No Love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my Heart.

What Anguish has that Question stir'd,
If I will also go?
Yet, *light*, relying on thy Love,
I humbly Answer, No!

H Y M N CCLXXVI. 89

JEHOVAH—JESUS.

Mat. 18. 20.

LO! (God is here; let us adore)
And own, *how dreadful is this Place!*
May all within us feel his Pow'r;
And, silent, bow before his Face.
Who know his Pow'r, his Grace who prove,
Serve him in Spirit, Truth, and Love;
Lo! God is here; Him Day and Night,
Harmonious Choirs of Angels sing;
To Him, enthron'd in glittering Light,
Their noblest Praise the Elders bring.
Disdain not, Lord! our meaner Song,
Who Lisp it, with a stammering Tongue.

Lo! God is here; may all our Praise,
His Courts with grateful Fragrance fill;
But in thy boundless Grace.

* Gen. 28. 17. † Ps. 103. 1. § John 4. 24.

And whilst we stand before his Face,
Still hear, and do his Sovereign Will,
To Him assigned Thanks be given,
For Grace on Earth, and Life in Heav'n.

H Y M N CCLXXVII. S. M.

M A T T H E W X I I I M Y H

LET God the Father live,
For ever on your Tongues,
Sinners from his free Love derive
The Ground of all their Songs.

C H O R U S

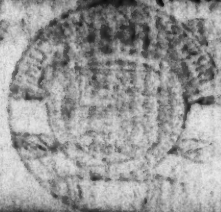
Praise the Lord, Hallelujah,
Praise the Lord, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Praise the Lord.

Ye Saints employ your Breath,
In Honour to the Son,
Who bought your Souls from Hell and Death,
By offering up his own.

Praise the Lord, &c.

Give to the Spirit praise,
Of an immortal strain,
Whose Light, and Pow'r, and Grace conveys
Salvation down to Men.

Praise the Lord, &c.



To the great **One and Three**, * **Father** and **Son**,
 Who seal the **Grace** on **Heav'n**,
 The **FATHER**, **SON**, and **SPIRIT**, be
 Eternal **Glory** giv'n,

Praise the **LORD**, &c.

H Y M N. CCLXXVIII. L. M.

Thy Kingdom come.

O **H**! when shall we, supremely blest,
 Enter into thy glorious Rest,
 Partake the Triumph of the Sky,
 And Holy, Holy, Holy, cry,

With all thy heavenly Hosts, with all
 Thy blessed Saints, we then shall fall
 And sing, in Extacy unknown,
 And praise thee on thy dazzling Throne.

Honour, and Majesty, and Power,
 And Thanks, and Blessings evermore,
 Who dost through endless Ages live,
 Thou, **LORD**! art worthy to receive.

For thou hast bid the Creatures be,
 And still subsist to Pleasure thee;
 From thee they came, to thee they tend,
 Their gracious Source, their glorious End.

* **One** **JEHOVAH**: Three Persons, or, Three,
 of whom, **I**, **Thou**, and **He** may be pre-
 dicated.



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